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ONE DAY A GREENHORN.

Written for *The Western Home Monthly* by Robert J. C. Stead,
Cartwright, Man.

I am a greenhorn.

At home, in the old country, I was not considered dull. In fact, I was generally credited with genius, and some of my relatives ventured to predict that I had a future. And so I had.

After spending the initial twenty years of my existence in the crowded whirligig of the world's hub, I, at length, fired by that ambition which ever inspires those who possess an exaggerated conception of their own ability, on a sorry day bade good-bye to the tight little island to woo fame and fortune in the wondrous West. And so it came about that one fine September evening I alighted from an express train at one of those commonplace little towns which dot the rail-ways of the great prairies.

There was quite a crowd at the depot—the "station," as these Canadians vulgarly term it—but I was struck and not a little annoyed by the fact that my arrival appeared to be occasioning no excitement. I had not considered it possible that people of this country were so lost to the sense of the respect that is due a gentleman from England, that they would allow my arrival to be passed over as a merely ordinary event. However, I condescended to inquire of one of the natives if I could find lodging for the night near by.

"Reckon ye can, if ye ain't too high-toned," he replied. "Boardin' house right 'cross the street," and he jerked his thumb toward a rambling building in an advanced stage of dilapidation. And bearing above the door the legend "Queen's Hotel." On a sign board by the door-post, written in characters that I could with difficulty read at the distance, was the inscription "Meals at all hours. Please wipe your feet." As I started toward the lodging house I heard my informer remark to a companion, "Twig the bloomin' Cholly!"

Having established myself in the room to which I was directed, and which, although by no means elegant, had a home-like air that made it very comfortable. I lighted a cigar and meandered forth for a stroll about the little town. I had not gone far when I was accosted by a man in a garb elaborately decorated with grease and chaff.

"Hello, young fellow! Lookin' for work?"

I gulped down the indignation which naturally arose at this extraordinarily intimate salutation, and replied that I was in search of some congenial employment.

"Congenial be blanked! Can you pitch sheaves?"

I replied that I had never participated in that pastime, but in the old country I had earned some little distinction in cricket circles for my bowling. On one occasion, when the celebrated Swivelsticks of Witckettown—"Well, you are, if possible, worse

teeth at half a mile, and having also heard of their endeavors to handle bucking bronchos, I was a little suspicious as to the nature of the employment, but the recompense caught my eye, or, rather, my pocket-book (for, like most of my class, while I had immense wealth at home, I was very low on the "ready"), I accepted the offer, and forthwith learned that my employer's name was Scott.

"Come," said he, leading the way to a horse and road-cart that stood by the sidewalk, "This is my chariot. Tumble in."

I "tumbled in" as directed, and we were soon bowling merrily along the pleasant country road. The sun had now set, but the bright reflection of

At length the old mare stopped with a suddenness and decision which render road-cart locomotion quite perilous, and I rushed unceremoniously into the loving bosom of Mother Earth. Having collected such of my scattered senses as seemed available, and reduced the chaotic condition of my members to some kind of order, and replaced my watch in my waistcoat pocket, and removed my collar, which was endeavoring to unseat my hat, I observed near by an erection of the Pullman car style of architecture and the tobacco-juice style of perfumery. The door stood partly open, and a gloomy ray of light struggled out from a very smoky kerosene lantern within. A sound of enthusiastic snoring floated forth on the balmy air of night. As I wondered in my heart what manner of men I had fallen among, Mr. Scott cut short my reverie.

"This is our caboose, Aleck," said he. "You will occupy bunk thirteen."

Now, my name is not Aleck, nor Alexander, but Alphonso Orlando Effington Martindale, and I had not yet informed Mr. Scott of that fact. However, I noticed that his ignorance as to my name and parentage troubled that worthy not at all.

With some difficulty I clambered into the caboose. After a rather trying search among the shelf-like structures which formed the threshermen's rude beds, I found bunk thirteen, apparently the only one unoccupied, and littered deeply with the off-cast clothing of the inhabitants of the neighboring beds. Overcoming my natural timidity, I shed my clothes and prepared to "turn in" when a voice from somewhere said, "Douse the glim, stranger."

"I beg your pardon?" I returned.

"Spunge the luminator," was the reply.

"The what?"

It was then explained that I was desired to extinguish the light in the lantern. I cautiously approached that luminary, removed it from the nail, and broceeded to extinguish it. Now of all infernal engines ever devised to bring misery upon fallen man, the safety lantern is surely the most terrible. I surveyed it minutely in search of a point of attack, but finding none, blew at it generally. Its flame never flickered. I attempted to remove the wires enclosing the glass. Useless. I held it out horizontally and blew at it. No effect. Then I inverted it, and read on the bottom, "Warranted to burn in all positions, all climates, and all atmospheres." Although the climate had not changed, I had placed the machine in every position, and the atmosphere was growing sulphurous, yet the article had proved as good as represented. In this position I observed, at the far end of the glass, a tube which seemed to afford a target. I put my lips so close to it as to burn my chin, and blew savagely. In vain. Then came a welcome, although scarcely brilliant, idea, and I spat in it. Still in vain. I shook it fiercely. It minded that not at all. Still that

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than the average," remarked my prospective employer. "Say, young fellow, would you mind telling me if I have a pair of goggles on my eyes?"

"Why, no, sir," I returned, astonished.

"Well, that is remarkable. Everything seems to have turned green around here."

I replied that I was unable to divine what could be responsible for that result. To me the colors of the surrounding objects were perfectly natural.

"Oh, come, I guess you can learn to buck straw for a dollar a day and your board?"

Having read something of the adventures of wild men who grew on horseback and habitually wore long hair and six-shooters, and who could shoot the filling out of a tenderfoot's

the western sky lit up the long reaches of prairie and stubble with the mellowness of amber. The western sky hung like an inverted sea of molten crimson, and long shafts of glory flickered faintly and more faintly into the far east. As the old mare jogged along I felt a new life—the unspeakable, indescribable life of the prairie—thrill through my veins, and a wider existence open to my soul as the fascination of vastness drew it outward. In a few minutes I was lost to my companion, to my companion's old mare and cart, to the mode and motive of my travel—to everything but the infinity of the prairie. Darkness came stealing up from the east, quietly cloaking the golden treasures of the sleeping sun, and I remained undisturbed in my trance.

dirty, sickly, oily smell; still that smoky, lightless, cheerless haze. A gust of cold wind crept in under the door, captured my unprotected feet, and proceeded to possess me. Then I thought an awful thought, struck the lantern a blow which extinguished it forever, and vaulted into bunk thirteen.

I had not been long in the bunk when I became painfully conscious that I was not the only occupant. I felt that my presence was creating no little commotion among the native inhabitants of bunk thirteen. Any little annoyance I might have felt at the indifference paid my arrival at the country town was more than offset by the warmth of my present reception. With a shudder I recollected that, according to our best authorities, thirteen is an unlucky number. I began to fear that I had been the victim of an awful conspiracy, as I felt myself gradually falling into the hands of a merciless and ravenous enemy. I was much impressed with the regularity and system of attack. The charge of Scott's "greys" was particularly enthusiastic. The officers joined in the onslaught and fought side by side with the rank and file. There were no reserves, the entire force pressing on to the front—and rear. Even the army contractors and war correspondents took part in the engagement.

After a desperate, but futile, resistance I surrendered myself to the inevitable. Even the persecution of my captors could not drive away the stupor that gradually enveloped me. Exhaustion at last overcame me, and the spirit of sleep floated in at the broken window, and, nestling upon my wearied eyelids, soothingly lulled me to rest.

About two minutes and a half later—at least, so it seemed to me—I was awakened by an ear-splitting screech from a steam whistle close by. Daylight was now glimmering, and, as my

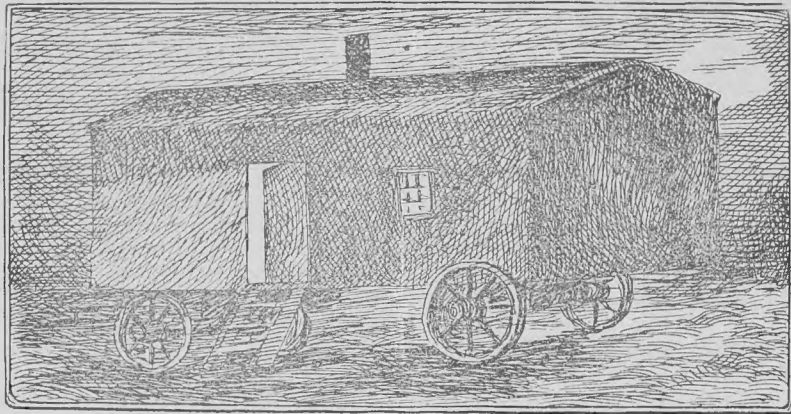


"You will occupy bunk 13."

fellow occupants of the caboose were hastily dressing, I sprang up and proceeded to do likewise. I was somewhat delayed by having to remove sundry very hard knots from the legs of my trousers, but felt that a display of temper would be unavailing, so held my peace. I was already learning to pin my faith to the Canadian maxim: "Say nothing, but saw wood." Having dressed myself, I followed the others across the stubble fields to a little farm house. Here a hasty breakfast was disposed of, and then the whistle sounded all hands to their posts.

Arrived at the mill, I encountered Mr. Scott, armed with a long pole, to each end of which a horse was attached by means of a rope. These, he informed me, were my implements, and would henceforth be in my charge. He placed the said implements in position under what he termed the straw-carriers, and explained that when a good "dump" of straw had fallen I was to drive the horses off a sufficient distance, the pole drawing the straw. Having dumped it, I would return and get in position for another load. Then, with much rattle and clatter,

the great mill started to its business, and was presently vomiting volumes of straw over the carriers, much of which ultimately seemed to find its way down my neck. I was so struck with the majesty of this machine, and the fact that I was in some remote way connected with and essential to it, that I quite forgot my dump of straw. Presently, however, I was awakened from my reverie by many cries of "Straw-buck!" accentuated after the manner of threshers. "Drive out, drive out!" shouted Scott. I shouted a feeble "get up" to the horses. They either did not



The Door Stood Partly Open.

hear me, or, hearing, heeded not, and all the time the straw was piling higher. I did not exactly understand the position and was at a loss to know how to induce the horses to proceed. Meanwhile a great mountain of straw was piling up before me. Suddenly one of the pitchers proceeded to maul my horses with a pitchfork. I was standing upon the pole when it shot forward. For a moment chaos and wheat straw reigned, and then I felt myself being violently thrust into the air. Up, up, up I went, impelled by some mysterious power which I could not locate, and at length, coming suddenly downward, landed directly on top of the carriers. For a moment I sat in jeopardy, when, Oh, horror! the carrier belts, being slack, began to slip backward, and I was sliding slowly, steadily, inch by inch, nearer to that awful abyss of rattle and roar and clatter and clash, which vomited clouds of dust and chaff and straw upon me as I descended into this earthly hades. I clutched the slats desperately in my downward career, and as I neared the awful sausage-cutter, my mind flew with lightning rapidity over the misdeeds of my past life. It is remarkable how very few praiseworthy acts one can recall under such circumstances. The reproach of a mis-spent youth rose before me in grim condemnation—the hours of precious time which I had dawdled into eternity with such frivolous sports as chess and cricket and cards; the sundry occasions on which I had indulged to excess in the exhilarating bowl; the shilling I had borrowed from a school mate and neglected to return. But now I sat face to face with eternity and the hind end of a threshing machine. The suspense was greater than I could bear. I suddenly sprang up and endeavored to run up the carriers to safety, but, overbalancing, fell right into the yawning crater. In an instant I was ejected. I was again flung upon the carriers, which this time did not slip, but carried me up and dumped me unceremoniously into the second pile of straw.

I clambered out, a chaff-bedraggled wretch, dust in my eyes, my mouth, my nose, my ears, and deep, bitter disgust in my heart. I was greeted with a torrent of hoots, jeers and rough jokes. This was more than I could bear. What had I done that I should be ridiculed by this company of half-tutored fellows? Was it my fault that I was a greenhorn? And would they not be equally green had they been suddenly landed amid the surroundings to which I was accustomed? I could bear straw and chaff

and sweat and dust and failure all combined, but this heartless ridicule I could not bear. My English blood was up, and in an outburst of sudden passion I struck with all my force a man standing near me. He fell like a log.

In an instant matters took a serious turn. The boisterous joking of the threshers ceased, and an ominous silence followed, as these bronzed and sunburnt fellows stood about me in a semi-circle. Had I but known it then, there was nothing but good-natured love of sport in their bantering, until my hasty passion had brought

on a crisis. But I was too blind to see and too mad with passion to have believed this, and as I stood there, my coat, hat and waistcoat scattered about, the chaff clinging in long tendrils to my hair and ears, hot sweat welling in my eyes and running down my cheeks in dirty rivulets, I defiantly threw a challenge in the teeth of all.

It did not lie unaccepted. Scarce had the hot words left my lips when a youth of about my own age and stature stood before me. I glared at him for a moment, and even in my blind fury saw that here was at least a worthy opponent. The pent-up wrath of my soul burst all restraint, and I struck at him furiously. With a dexterity that amazed me he ducked beneath my blow and seized me by the waist. I clutched his neck and shoulders. It was one or other for it now. We reeled and staggered back and forth, but neither fell. My eyes burned and the dust parched my throat. The faces of the onlookers danced by me in a dazed confusion. The roar of the mill seemed floating down from a limitless space. My adversary's grip was like iron. I could feel his quivering sinews press against me as we swayed about in each other's arms. His breath was coming hard, but strong, as it beat fiercely against my cheek. I struggled desperately, but I knew it was a losing fight. Under the pressure of his awful grip my breath came short and jerky. Suddenly I felt his muscles rise and tighten about me, and with a mighty effort I was thrown from him. I scarce know how it happened. I fell back—a belt—a pulley—an awful wrench, and then—darkness, numbness, and a strange confusion of sights and distant sounds. and, at length, unconsciousness.

When next I knew anything I was in bunk thirteen. What an excellent chance I now have of weaving into this story the romance of the beautiful country girl who nursed me as a sister, and was repaid by my affections, and, after I had recovered my health, and the fortune had been left to me, I won the heart and hand of the sweetest girl in the district, and returned to England with my Canadian treasure, admired and envied of all! How beautiful it all is—in fiction. But, as a matter of fact, like most of our pretty day dreams, this did not occur at all. When I awoke in bunk thirteen over me was bending the face of my erstwhile adversary. I was vaguely conscious of a strong odor of iodoform, and a dull, aching pain in my right arm and shoulder. When I attempted to move a thrill of acute agony ran through me.

"Lie still, lad," said my self-commissioned nurse, whose name, as I afterwards learned, was Walter Brown. "It was a sore wrench, and all my fault, but the doctor has it all fixed up and says with proper care you will soon be round."

It was so strange to hear this fine fellow, whom a short time ago I could have torn to pieces in my rage, talking so soothingly to me now. How greatly had our relations changed! There seemed such a flavor of romance in it all that I actually enjoyed it, and my opinion of the thresher gang rose immeasurably. But I did not know then that the man who released me from the disastrous pulley was the inoffensive workman whom I had first struck down; I did not know that my former antagonist had torn the harness from his team and spurred the foaming animals for five miles under a sweltering sun in search of a doctor; I did not know that the very men who had seemed to hate me had borne my prostrate form to the caboose as lovingly as if I had been a child. Nor did I learn until later that every man in that gang, in which I had fancied I had not a single friend, had shared his hard-earned wages to pay my board and doctor's bill. But should the future hold in store for me similar accident, I shall never ask for a kinder or more attentive nurse than Walter Brown proved during the weeks of suffering that followed. And in and by and through it all many new lights shone upon me, but the greatest truth of all was that there beats many a kind heart under a rough exterior, and there is more real tenderness in the rough sympathies of the horny-handed working man than in the silvery-coated phrases which emanate from the mushroom-hearted serfs of society. And when I was able to resume my duties as "strawbuck," I found myself no longer the ridicule of the gang, but rather the hero of it, for in some vague way every man seemed to feel individually responsible for my mishap, and did his best to atone for it.

Such were the results of my first and only day's experience as a "greenhorn."

A Young Marauder.

I met him suddenly in the dark hallway as I came home late from work.

"Your money or your life!" came to me in cold tones, and I felt a hand grasp my arm and stood face to face with a shining barrel of steel.

I was totally unarmed, yet I did not quail. I simply took my little son, the pistol and all, up into my arms and walked away.

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A SPRING OUTING.

By A. Heneage Finch, Lidstone, Man.

It was the closing days of March. A wandering "chinook" had spent its vacation amid the hills and plains of Idaho, Montana, and Dakota, making all nature lovely—rolling up "earth's winding sheet" and spreading a beautiful emerald robe, veneered with silver threads in its place. Homeward bound it turned northward along the valley of the Red River of the North, where

"Out and in its course is winding,
The links of its long red chain,
Through dusky depths of Pineland
And gusty leagues of plain."

Halting for a breathing spell at the "Heart of the Dominion" it sped westward along the beautiful Assiniboine, "with a rollicking, madcap, galloping chase," and old Boreas, who had held undisputed sway since last November over the fertile "Portage Plains," quickly and quietly slunk away northward. "And not a moment stopped or stayed he" till, behind the Duck Mountains among the tangled woods to the north and west of Lake Winnipegosis and Swan Valley, he halted "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," and awaiting an opportunity for revenge.

The dirt-laden snow had all disappeared, filling the sloughs and streams to overflowing with a discolored fluid. For many days the industrious farmers had been seeding. Here and there a venturesome gopher, a harmless creature, with his beautiful striped coat, would be seen standing erect viewing the passer-by and scampering off to his burrow at his too near approach. Along the roads and across the newly harrowed fields an occasional eddy of wind would whirl up dust, leaves, and dried grass, increasing in speed and size till, like a huge hour-glass, it would break and dissolve on the distant horizon in a dust cloud. Anon a "mirage," so common here, would convert the whole plain into a beautiful shimmering lake, or suspend it inverted in the sky. But hark!

"Is it the clang of the wild geese,
Or is it the Indian's yell,
That gives to the voice of the chinook
wind
The sound of a far-off bell?"

Yes, all day, and all night, the air is vocal with the musical "clang of the wild geese," mingled with the sharp, rapid "swish" of the mallard's wing. Northward to the marshy stretches, and adjacent wheat fields south of Lake Manitoba they were speeding there to rest and feed, and wait till winter had crept still farther northward.

How I longed to leave dull care behind and hie away to those northern wheat fields and

"Send high in air the death hail,
Where the wild goose wings his flight."

Out on the plains, right in the midst of the best feeding grounds, lived a particular friend of mine, friend H—, with his new-made bride, who was also a particular friend of the partner of my joys and sorrows. So, on the morning of March 31st, a soft, balmy air blowing from the south, meekly and innocently approaching the queen of my heart and home, I suggested, now that the long winter was over we should take a drive round town. "Why, yes," she would be delighted! "And say! could you not drive us out to friend H—'s, and we could stay all night?" "We could just as well as not!" "Now do dear, like a good fellow!" Slightly demurring so as not to show that to

be the very thing I was planning, I consented.

So procuring the use of a friend's horse and buggy, I surreptitiously secreted under the foot rugs and horse blanket my trusty "No. 12," and a bag of carefully prepared ammunition. Away we sped right merrily. The afternoon was waning as we neared the end of our sixteen mile drive, in time to locate the feeding grounds and see the lakeward flight of large numbers of grey geese and clouds of ducks.

Friend H— was busy seeding and we quickly made arrangements that before daylight, while the teams were feeding, we would set the decoys, fix our blinds, and make our bag before breakfast. In the meantime, to try our guns and ammunition and "get our hands in," we took a short run before dark and bagged a pair of magnificent mallards that rose from some stubble before us, others, where the chances were just as good, getting away apparently unhurt.

The evening passed pleasantly in conversation and song, our host and his charming young wife making our visit delightful indeed. At length seeking repose we dream all night long of the "honk, honk," of Anser canadensis, and the merrier "whink, whink," of Anser polaris, and the still more delightful "thud" which tells of an effective shot.

Precisely at 4.30 the little alarm clock, which was muffled under my pillow, gave its warning whirr-r-r. Dressing quickly, I descended, lamp in hand, and tapped gently on H—'s door, but he was already dressing and eager for the coming sport.

Opening the door, we are greeted by a huge snowdrift. Old Boreas had at least taken revenge and was blowing a young "blizzard," but the temperature being high the falling snow was now soft and clinging. Fully eight inches had fallen, and earlier in the night it had been colder and the snow had formed huge drifts.

H—, with the consistency of a keen sport, said, "Well, it is too stormy to work, not fit for man or beast to be out, so we will just hitch up Bob (his best horse) to the old buggy and go and have a hunt anyway. Dear knows where we will find the game, this storm will terribly demoralize them." I heartily agreed, of course, for, like the "darkey," I had "comed a purpose."

Daylight was just showing in the east when, with "Bob" well blanketed and ourselves well wrapped, having eaten a cold lunch, and leaving our spouses in the land of dreams, we made our way through the drifted lane and eastward along the section line towards a stretch of low land which might afford some open water for our feathered friends.

The wind, which had lulled before daylight, now settled down to a steady blow from the north-west. Snow began to fall heavily and swirl in blinding clouds before the wind.

Occasionally we could hear the wild discordant cries of the geese, and anon duck our heads from the rapid passing of a flock of mallards driven with the wind. But as the light increased we began to take toll digging the fallen birds out of the soft snow.

Following the line of flight we at length came to the "camping ground," a small surface pond or lake, half a mile or so in extent, which from the discordant cries and an occasional glimpse between the drifts, we concluded to be literally "covered with game." Posting ourselves in good cover we soon bagged some fine ducks, which circled near, and by carefully imitating the cry of the goose, some disconsolate wanderer would circle too near for his own good, but greatly to our delight and the increase of our pile.

All of a sudden the whole population of the lake, with unearthly cries, rose and flew over our heads towards Lake Manitoba. Bang, bang, bang, as fast as we can load and fire, till our guns are hot—the air is clear and not a bird falls. So much for promiscuous firing at the mass without picking your bird. Satisfied that there must be one or more wounded geese who would give out at the first halting place, we followed them, and after a couple of miles facing the storm we came upon a few small flocks, which, when they take wing, leave a wounded comrade, which we secure after a blood-warming chase.

To our left we could hear the deep booming "honk" of some large Canadians, but they could not be seen. Making a detour we espied them on the water in a shallow slough, so we

H—, who was getting very cold, circled round to drive them, while I crept up a depression to the edge of the grain patch and took cover and waited.

As H— approached the game a fine mallard "flushed" before him from behind a stook and he "downed" it, at which, of course, every bird took wing. A fine flock of geese passed over my cover, from which I was only able to drop one. While retrieving this from the top of the bank, I spied what appeared through the drifting storm to be a flock of geese sitting on the snow about 400 yards away on the bank of the same depression in which I then was. Awaiting H—'s arrival I showed them to him. "Yes, they are large grey geese with their heads under their wings fast asleep." A point of bank projected about 50 yards this side of them. Now, if we could reach that point unseen we could secure two each easily enough. So we proceeded at once to "stalk." Keeping in a stooping position we had not proceeded far till we found we must lower our bodies or be seen. So unloading our guns and plugging the muzzles with grass we crept through the slushy snow and snowy grass, often using our heads as snow plows to escape detection.

It is hard to judge distances in a storm, which we had found out many times already that same day, and when we reached "the point," and took a sly peep through the increasing storm we judged it to be fully 100 yards yet to where we could dimly see some half dozen forms quietly sitting. So, according to a prearranged plan, we were to rise together, rush forward as far as possible before they rose and fire. We cleared our guns of snow, reloaded, and waiting for an extra gliding whirl we rose and rushed forward. As we ran nothing could be seen 30 yards away, so forward we plunged till we found ourselves waist deep in a bank of soft snow. At that instant the air cleared and we sighted our game. Four barrels belched forth their contents of B.B. chilled. Suffice it to say we gathered no game, the seats and wheel tops of a mowing machine and hay rake almost covered with snow, and now well spattered with shot marks attested the correctness of our hurried aims.—Red and Gun in Canada.



The Seat and Wheel Tops of a Mowing Machine and Hay Rake Almost Covered With Snow.

decided to "stalk" them with no more cover than the snowy banks. We had about 100 yards to creep on hands and knees, and about 35 to crawl flat on the ground in the snowy weeds. This only brought us within about 100 yards, when they took fright and rose, but four barrels spoke out. B.B. chilled shot had the effect of dropping one fine fellow in the middle of the pond where some grass held him anchored. Casting lots who should play dog, it fell to H—, who stripped and waded waist deep in the icy waters and secured him.

Making homeward in a westward direction we found, about six miles from home, the ducks making lakeward in the teeth of the storm, creeping along the ground in broken flocks, taking a north-east course, from which direction the wind was now blowing. Securing Bob in the shelter of a deserted shanty whose floor had been removed, and in the cellar of which he refused to stand, we each secured a bundle of old straw, and placed ourselves about 100 yards apart in the line of flight, using the straw covered with snow as a partial blind, lying down flat on the north side of the little ridge thus formed. Here we secured some half dozen each before the flight ended.

About two miles further homeward we found a field of old oat stooks, among which a number of birds were feeding. Tying Bob to the road fence,

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ALMOST TOO LATE.

"Fred, can't you come home early to-night?"

"Am I ever late, Mary?"

"Well, not very late, I suppose, Fred; but—"

"Well, Mary?"

"Well, I thought perhaps to-night you might come a little earlier than usual. You know it was just six years ago that we—"

"Oh, yes, I remember."

Was there just a shade of impatience in Fred's voice?

"But to-night there is to be a meeting of the Southwest company at my office, and I don't see how I can get away much earlier than usual."

Mary sighed faintly. Did Fred hear? If so he thought nothing of it. Mary sighed very frequently of late.

"Oh, of course, Fred; you mustn't neglect business. I am as anxious for you to succeed as you can possibly be. You know that."

Fred's reply was to put down his cheek to Baby Nell, the little four-year-old toddler, to kiss; then, after a cool caress on his wife's cheek, he went out, and was the next moment lost to everything except his business.

Fred Westcott was a slave.

He wore his bonds uncomplainingly; in fact, it may be doubtful if he knew he wore them at all. You see such men every day. They love their wives and little ones; home is very dear to them when they have time to enjoy it. But life is worth to them only what they can get out of it in cash, in honor, in place, in what can be used to help them on in the world.

What a shame that men should have such ideals of life! And all the time there are dear ones at home hungering and thirsting for the presence and the love of those who are their all in all.

This was the way with Mary Westcott. She had a most affectionate nature, which demanded something in return for what it gave, just as the plant must have dew and light and rich soil, or withers and ceases to shed its fragrance.

She knew Fred loved her. Had he not told her so a thousand times? Everywhere she turned, she saw some token of his affection, and yet a something was not there—something she wanted, and wanted with all her heart.

That anniversary day, for instance; how it would have warmed her heart to have sat down, if only for a little while, and held the hand of him who was so much to her, and to look into his eyes while he told her again the old story which won her in the time gone by!

But Mary sat alone in her home that night. Little Nell, who could never learn to go to bed without a good-night kiss from papa, had cried a little softly and then went to sleep, leaving mamma to count the hours alone.

Fred came in early. Yes, midnight is not late for the man of business. Mary was in bed. Had she been asleep? Well, no matter. Fred moved about quietly, so as not to disturb her, and was soon in dreams. How many times would he have found a little woman with tear-stained face if he had taken the trouble to turn up the gas a little. But he didn't, and so it went on.

There came a day when they sent to the office for Fred. Mary was ill. What was the matter? He could hardly get away just now—an important case was coming on, and he must be there to attend to it. He supposed it was a headache; Mary did have them. And he would come up early. So he said, and forgot all about home and the sick wife.

That night when Fred went home he found a neighbor sitting with Mary. The doctor had been there and said she was dangerously ill of brain fever. She had called so often for Fred, and waited so anxiously for him! And when he sent back word that he could not come Mary became delirious and had been so ever since.

Fred's heart smote him sorely. He did not think she was so bad. He put on his slippers and went to his wife's bedside.

"Mary!" he called, gently. But Mary looked up with a vacant stare in her eyes, those pretty blue eyes which had so often looked their love into his own. Could it be that she did not know him? The thought was agony. Why had he not come home when she sent for him? Mary never asked anything unless it was necessary.

"When do you think he will come?" moaned the wife, piteously. "He said he would come home early. Ah! if he would come this night! It is six years to-day since—since we were married. Six years! Yes; and four years since little Nell came. Fred is too busy, did you say? I know he is busy; he is always busy. He wants to do well; I want him to succeed. But I thought this once—"

Fred could endure it no longer.

"Mary," he said, in a choked voice; "I am here, Mary! Look at me, Mary! Don't you see I am here?"

The eyes showed no sign of recognition.

"Yes," the parched lips murmured incoherently. "Fred said he would come early,

and he will. He means to do what he says.

And when he comes I want him to sit by me here at home and talk to me as he used to. Only a minute; that would be so much to me. But I can't complain; I have a good husband—better than I deserve."

"Oh, this is terrible!" groaned Fred. "Mary! Mary! What a brute I have been to you! I see it now!"

He paced the room that night, a most wretched man. The next night it was the same, and the next and the next. Such promises as were wrung from his lips by the piteous pleadings of poor Mary.

And when at last she opened her eyes and looked upon him with intelligence in her gaze, Fred fell on his knees by her side and thanked God for His goodness.

And the best of my story is that Fred kept the promises he had made. He did now what he had always intended to do before.

Do you suppose he suffered thereby? Does the oak suffer by striking its roots deep into the earth and drawing up life and strength?

And the wife? Well, life has just begun to her. Ask the humble flower if it loses anything by spreading its leaves wide open to catch the sunshine. It may have the richest soil and copious showers, but rob it of the sunshine and it can never be a perfect flower. Mary now had the sunshine which made her life perfect.

IBRAHIM.

Why had his mother named him Ibrahim? Nobody knew, nor did Lillian Ingram care. She, one of the reigning belles of New York's select circles, was heart and soul in love with the man. And why not? He was the most magnificent specimen of manhood she had ever met. Tall, straight, muscular, with the deepest of blue eyes and wavy black hair, he formed a modern combination of Hercules and Apollo. But, if he had lacked somewhat in manly beauty or grace, his lavish wealth might have glossed it over in the eyes of many women who had been less generously instructed concerning the power of riches.

Lenox Ingram, Lillian's father, was the son of one of those wealthy Southern planters who took refuge in the North at the beginning of the Civil War, and, thereby, saved a large portion of their fortunes. Then the son had saved like the father, and acquired like the son.

So Lillian knew the full value of wealth and position. Ibrahim had, at present, both wealth and position. What his ancestors had had was a problem quite too knotty for the gamblers on the stock exchange, as well as for the ladies in palatial parlors.

They were to be married, Lillian and Ibrahim, on St. Valentine's morning; and the city held not a prouder or a happier girl.

On the morning of February 13th, Ibrahim requested audience with Lillian and her parents.

"I have a story to tell you," he said, "and it is necessary that I should tell it before the wedding takes place."

He said he did not know that it was an unusual story; it was just a simple tale. So he proceeded thus:

"One morning more than eighteen years ago, a wealthy gentleman of New York, accompanied by his wife and a sunny-haired little daughter, took a boat at the Brooklyn Ferry. No unusual circumstance, you think? Not at all. A gentleman already aboard the boat was accompanied by a large greyhound, which he held firmly in the leash. This dog took a great liking to the little girl, who, being afraid of dogs in general, refused to make friends with him. When the boat reached the wharf, there was the usual commotion of landing, which caused the owner of the hound to drop the leash. The animal, finding himself free, bounded with joy toward the little maid. With a cry of fright, the child sprang backward and went over the gangway into the water."

Mr. Ingram and his wife looked at each other, and at Lillian, who asked:

"Ibrahim, who was the little girl?"

"All in good time, my love. Let me tell my story in my own way," answered Ibrahim. Then he continued:

"A young apple-vender, with the quick wit of the street boy, sprang into the water and had the child on the wharf by the time the gentlemen in the crowd had managed to remove their coats. The deed was nothing to the lad. He had seen a dozen children, most of them street urchins, in the selfsame plight; aye, and he had saved some of them, too. The boy placed the little one in its mother's arms, and dashed away to get his apple basket; but the child's father called him back and overwhelmed him with words of gratitude, which he did not know how to receive. Then the man asked him a great many questions; some of them very foolish and some impertinent, the boy thought. But he was willing to forgive the questioner, when the latter put a stout leather purse into his hand."

The Old Darkey and His Joys.

We hear and read sometimes of the "homely joys," but we do not often come across anything which ripples with sunshine and bubbles over with contentment like the following little southern poem. One cannot read it without seeing a typical "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and feeling as though he would like to grasp the hand of the old negro who says:

"Des a li'l' cabin, en a white road leadin' ter it;
I follers up de furrer, en I hoe de cotton fer it;

Chillun on de flo',
En a woman in de do',
Singin' en singin' in de mawnin'.

"Des a li'l' cabin in de shadder er de pines,
Frame wid honeysuckles en de mornin'-glory vines;

Li'l' spot o' groun'
Wid de chillun playin' roun',
Singin' en singin' in de mawnin'.

"Des a li'l' cabin whar de firelight I see,
Twinklin' er a welcome 'cross de cotton-fiel's ter me;

Sayin', 'Whar you roam,
Heah's yo' home, yo' home, yo' home!'
Singin' en singin' in de mawnin'.

"Des a li'l' cabin; yit it frequent 'pears so high
Dey kin hear what we a-sayin' in de mansions in de sky!

Dis word de sweet word said:
'Give us our daily bread!'
Singin' en singin' in de mawnin'.

"Des a li'l' cabin whar de blue smoke rise en curl
Kin hol' enough er happiness ter reach aroun' de worl'!

Dey tells me dat I po'—
But de woman's in de do'
Singin' en singin' in de mawnin'."

or her goodness, but for his own sweet revenge. Now, Lillian, I am ready to answer your questions, and to tell you that that lad was Ibrahim, and that you were the little girl."

The speaker paused. Anguish was written upon the face of the Ingrams, Lillian uttered no word. She continued in the same stony posture, and stared the same stony stare. Ibrahim looked anxiously in her direction. Seeming to be satisfied on her account, he drew from his pocket two purses, one old and dingy, the other new and shining. Stepping to the side of Mr. Ingram, he said:

"Mr. Ingram, here is your money, a hundred fold, and in a new purse. The old one I shall retain because my vow was laid upon it. That vow is paid, and the 'washer-woman's son' is now your equal."

Ibrahim took his place aside, and regarded the family whose various members sat like persons under some hideous spell. By degrees the anger and bitterness died out of his face, and the sunny smile that he had inherited from his Irish father came to take its place.

That smile seemed to bring life back to Lillian's frame. She rose with the dazed air of one coming out of a troubled sleep. With swift strides Ibrahim came to her side; but he did not touch her outstretched hands.

"Lillian," he said, "it has been a cruel torture, but I had to do it. A Jew never breaks his vow; and I am all Jew, in this particular. I vowed in spite to win your love, and I have done it. Fortunately for me, my vow went no farther; for to my Jewish brain is added an Irish heart, and the beauty and goodness of the woman that has grown out of that little girl I saved have won it."

She put out her hands again, and he took them as he resumed:

"My love, are you willing to become a washer-woman's daughter, and to have that woman in your home?"

On a sunny St. Valentine's morning, when the frost-gems jeweled all out-of-doors, Ibrahim wedded the woman he had won from spite; and the "washer-woman," with the keen eye and the proud carriage common to the "Daughters of Israel," took her new daughter in her arms, and class, wealth and nationality were alike forgotten.

Soap and chalk mixed and rubbed on spots of mildew will remove them.

Camphor gum kept in the drawer where silverware is stored will prevent it from tarnishing.

Never leave spices exposed to the open air or in pasteboard boxes, as they very quickly lose their strength.

Mice object to camphor gum, and it is a good plan to sprinkle it around their haunts.

"One good mother is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is a lodestone to all hearts and a lodestar to all eyes."—Herbert.

French Way of Poaching Eggs.—Put into a saucepan some minced ham, butter, a little stock, the juice of a lemon, and bind all with a little flour. Add salt and pepper to taste. When the mixture is on the boil, and just before serving, break the eggs into it, taking care not to break the yolks. Serve on buttered toast.

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THE MAGIC CASKET.

His card, in type perfectly legible from across the street, read: "Ignatius Roper, Constable." In smaller letters, down in the left corner, was the one word more than any other calculated to set criminal hearts palpitating—"Detective." Ignatius was not a detective, but he was willing to be.

He was angular as a rail fence, but not so pretty; good, when asleep, but that was seldom. His expression, when he had any, was "Devil may care," and it belied him not, for if his infernal majesty did care, Ignatius didn't; and to give the devil his due, he probably didn't care either, for to him "Ig." was a cinch. He only waited the trumpet sound to gather him into his fold.

Ignatius could serve a summons which would entail despair with the guilelessness of a maiden plucking May flowers; or, when occasion required, levy execution on man's last assets, household chattels, with the calm sweet look about the eyes characteristic of a game cock in action. He felt reconciled to the theory that the punishment should fit the crime, but cared not a whit if the measure of punishment slopped over; in fact, to him it was infinitely preferable that ten innocent persons suffer than that one real culprit escape; and no man was innocent until he proved it. Service of process placed in "Ig.'s" hands was a foregone conclusion. He coveted no riches; sufficient for him was his daily bread and an occasional moistening of his parched throat, but the occasions came often. Armed with a writ, he was formidable as a galling gun; uncompromising as a mother-in-law bent on spending the winter. His professional sobriquet was "Old Remorseless;" to the laity, he was simply "Hades."

Ignatius was sitting at his desk one winter's afternoon, ruminating on the past, planning for the future. Business had certainly been dull—not a penny turned during the week. The justice clerk came in.

"Three attachments; one for you, Roper, one for Brady and one for Levi; all against Mademoiselle Demorest, doing a sketch called the 'Magic Casket,' at Howard's. She keeps her wardrobe in a huge casket, the same one that has the title role in the sketch. Look out for that casket. You'll have to levy on the wardrobe probably; very little show at the box office. She's been playing in hard luck. The management is against her. I reckon they're back of the prosecution, but that's no business of ours. She expects to leave Cincinnati to-night, but I see her finish. Ten dollars on the side for each successful levy. I told the plaintiffs that you three are the whole thing; now if you win, make good to me. Of course, I know that this is Friday and the 13th, and that a black cat crossed the alley to-day, but bad omens don't go. See?"

Ignatius, ever prompt, was on hand earlier than usual that evening. There were two constables to be outdone. A clever ruse gained him admission at the stage entrance. "Mademoiselle Demorest's room?" he asked, very much as though he were very well acquainted.

"The first to the right." Ignatius rapped. A fat, dumpy woman appeared.

"Yes, she is in. Oh, Mademoiselle, a caller."

Ignatius served his writ and Mademoiselle bowed her head demurely, but said not a word, though Ignatius could see that she was struggling to keep back the tears.

"I am sure I don't know what you'll find of value. My costumes, such as I have, are in the casket, but I trust you'll not find it necessary to take them. I hope I shall be able to satisfy you as soon as we can hear from the box office. Take a seat and a glass of wine. I have a very little Madeira that's said to be quite good."

Ignatius stared at Mademoiselle. He piqued himself on being a very good judge of human nature. He thought her certainly pretty. He rather liked the eyes, though he would wager that they could snap fire, and he pledged himself to give them every opportunity at his command to do so; but there was no hurry.

"Well, I don't mind taking a sip of your wine. I have no doubt that it is good."

She told him her story and, as a matter of amusement, he permitted her to continue, but when the messenger returned from the box office to state that no relief could be expected from that source, he arose, grinned broadly and said, "Business is business, Ma'am."

He took out a costly gown. There was no word of protest, though she no longer endeavored to restrain her tears. Ignatius almost laughed aloud.

"I'm getting next, the flood gates are raised. Perhaps she will accommodate me with an oath or two. Most actresses are that considerate."

He threw the rich costumes in a heap. It was an ecstatic moment when he saw that there was ample value to satisfy every claim. Last of all he found a little dimity gown, torn and faded. It was not half large even for Mademoiselle. Ignatius was about to throw it aside as unworthy his attention

when he felt the sharp prick of a pin, and, looking again, he saw a brooch of antique design.

"Wait a minute," he muttered to himself. "There may be some value to this."

He unclasped the pin and rubbed the face of the medallion on his knee.

"Yes, this is worth having, if only to keep it as a memento of the occasion. Mother, grandmother or sweetheart, perhaps." He held the brooch before the electric light.

"This is a lark. If there's anything I dote on attaching, it is something that's sacred to memories of times gone by. Heirlooms were always my stronghold. Take, for instance, the time that old Simpson's widow—Simpson's widow—Simp—What's this? Mammy Dale! Mammy Dale's likeness, and on this actress' traps!"

The constable and would-be detective stood aghast.

"It's desecration, by Jupiter. Thank God her soul is at rest."

Then Ignatius' thoughts wandered far back beyond the turbulent years to the childhood days in the Indiana home; the home which he, when little more than a child, had left in search of what he then conceived to be adventure—what he now realized had been trouble. He had been so buffeted about by adversity that he had been ashamed to return home or to communicate with them in any way. He had heard of Mammy's death, and she had been as much as a mother to him—who was by birthright a waif and by predilection a scapegrace—as she had been to her own baby, Kate.

Mademoiselle, turning, saw the gown and snatched it from the officer's hand.

"Oh, sir, you can not care for that. There's no value, and please, sir, give me the brooch. Take the rest; take everything. Oh, the law, the law; is there nothing that the law holds sacred, and have you never had a mother, sir?"

"Mother, mother; what has that to do with this?"

"Only that if you have, you'll not take that likeness; it's of my mother's face, sir."

He looked again into her eyes. "No doubt, no doubt." His lips almost gave utterance to the word "Kate."

"Well, Mademoiselle, I guess perhaps the law will forgive me this time. There may be two sides to the question. You see an attachment under our statute is a bit arbitrary anyhow. The defendant has no chance to plead until perhaps it's too late. It's designed to keep fraudulent debtors from getting beyond the jurisdiction of our courts, but somehow, I don't feel that you intend to defraud anyone and I guess I'll not be the one to—; no, nor shall I permit anyone else to take away your last chance, little one. There are two other levies planned for to-night, but they'll not be made till after the box office closes. Let me see, let me see, how shall we fix them? Thy will be after the casket, and they'll expect to find it loaded. Yes, I think I see my way clear."

History records no more remarkable levy than that at Howard's Theatre on the 13th day of February. Failing to satisfy their writs at the box office, Brady and Levi swooped down upon Mademoiselle's dressing room. The casket was there, though locked. It seemed to weigh half a ton. It surely was a find. Brady winked at Levi and whispered, "This is easy." They tried to satisfy their curiosity by peering through some auger holes in the end, but their efforts were unavailing. Brady secured a screw-driver and began the attack. It certainly was weird business, nevertheless, this casket opening. They had but half completed their task when the stage bell tolled dolefully, and Brady, turning to Levi as the last stroke died away, asked "How many?"

Levi answered, "Thirteen."

At that moment a black cat, which they had not noticed before, sprang from a chair in an obscure corner, stretched itself, looked sadly at Brady and passed out.

Levi noticed that the perspiration was beaded on Brady's brow and he acknowledged to himself that he, too, felt a little creepy. The lights, except the one that they worked by, were all out, and the theatre was deserted, but the reward would be a good one and well worth taking desperate chances for. The lid was finally raised. Brady saw something never to be forgotten. There, peacefully laid out, with his arms folded across his breast, was Ignatius. Brady raised his hands in holy terror, uttered a wild shriek, turned about and fled. Levi was only too willing to quit without looking, and he made a close second.

When the coast was clear, Ignatius sat erect and rubbed his eyes.

"Well, that certainly was a hot shot. I reckoned that it would do the business. Nothing so appealing as a corpse to some natures."

Insomnia.—A glass of hot milk taken just before retiring will often induce sleep for those troubled with insomnia.

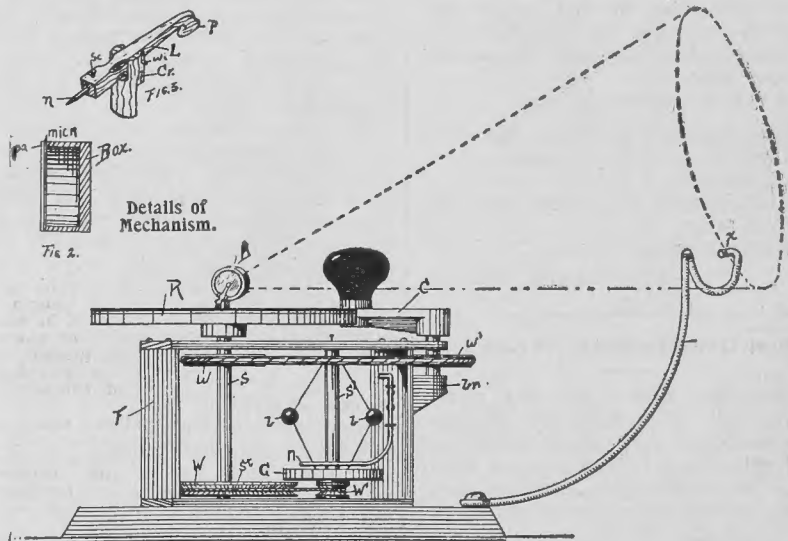
How to Make a Gramophone

A gramophone which will produce very good results with the ordinary gramophone records may be made, with very little work, by any one who can use a jack-knife. It costs nothing, except for the record, and will certainly repay any boy or man who will spend a few hours making it.

As shown in the drawings, it consists principally of two parts; one for rotating the disk or record, and the reproducing part. The disk or record is supported on the circular piece, *R*, cut from half or three-eighths-inch pine, and mounted on the shaft, *s*, which, in turn, revolves in the wooden frame, *F*, which is of half-inch pine, an inch and a half wide. On the shaft, *s*, are also two pulley wheels, *w* and *W*, the former two inches in diameter, and the latter three and a half, both grooved to receive a round belt. These, too, may be cut from half-inch pine. The smaller wheel, *w*, is mounted just below the upper cross-piece of the frame, the larger one, *W*, just above the lower cross-piece, as shown.

The governor, which is mounted next to the record axle, but far enough away in the frame to clear the wheel, *W*, consists of a shaft, *s1*, with the three-quarter-inch pulley, *W1*, cut on it, on which is mounted a wheel, *G*, rimmed with a strip of lead from an old lead pipe. This wheel fits loosely on the

as shown, the governor regulating the speed. The upper part, or surface, of the wheel, *G*, should have glued upon it a piece of flannel, to prevent undue noise when the wire, *n*, rubs upon it, and to increase the friction. The disk, *B*, should run as true as possible, and the axle should project up through it a quarter of an inch, and be as large around as the size of the central hole in the record. A record is seven inches in diameter. The sound-reproducing part consists principally of the "sounding box" and its lever, and the horn. The box may be an old wooden pill box, or may be cut from inch pine. It should be circular, about an inch and a half in diameter, inside measurement, and an inch deep. If cut of inch pine, the central hole will be cut clear through the piece and a quarter-inch backing, or bottom of the box glued on. A three-quarter inch hole is drilled in one side of the box to receive the horn. To the front of the box is glued a thin diaphragm of isinglass, outside of which is glued a paper ring, or washer, as large as the rim of the box. The writer used one machine for a while which had a tight paper diaphragm; but the isinglass is better. The box is shown in section in Fig. 2. The lever (Fig. 3) is cut out of hard wood in the shape shown; the distance from the wire axle, *w1*, to the centre of the part, *p*, being the radius of the box outside. The other end of the lever is a trifle shorter than the inner end, and holds at its end the needle, *n*, in a small awl hole. This needle is held in place by a small screw, *Sc*, so that its projection from the wood



A Home-Made Gramophone.

axle, *s1*, so that it can slide freely up and down on it. The lead rim should be at least an eighth of an inch thick and half an inch wide, or the width of the wheel, *G*. Running through two awl holes a quarter of an inch from the axle, *s1*, in the wheel, *G*, is a string or small wire, as shown, which runs at the top through an awl hole driven cross-wise through the axle, *s1*. On this string, which is fastened from slipping through the awl holes in the wheel, *G*, by knots, are two split shot or fish-line sinkers. When the shaft, *s1*, is revolved, the balls, *b*, fly out, and, when sufficient speed has been reached, lift the weighted wheel, *G*, till it presses on the wire stop, *n*. This stop is a loop of wire, fastened to the side of the frame so as to be adjustable up and down to regulate the speed. At the opposite end of the frame to the disk, or record axle, *s*, is mounted a second two-inch pulley wheel, *w1*, between an extension of the upper cross-piece and a small wooden bracket, *br*. It is connected with the pulley, *w*, by a belt, and is turned by means of a crank, *C*. The pulley, *W*, is also connected with the governor pulley, *W1*, by a waxed string pulley belt, *St*. By this means, when the crank, *C*, is turned, the wheel, *w*, is turned through the medium of the belt connecting the pulleys, *w* and *w1*. Thus the pulley, *W*, is turned, and, in turn, the pulley, *W1*, and axle and governor,

may be adjusted till the clearest effect is produced. The lever is mounted in a crotch, *Cr*, cut also from hard wood, the axle, *w1*, being a wire. The crotch part is glued on to the side of the box at an angle of about 120 deg., with the hole already cut to receive the horn, the part, *p*, of the lever being fastened to the centre of the mica or isinglass diaphragm with glue or sealing wax. The horn, which may be made of stiff bristol board or tin, is now thrust into the hole in the side of the box or, better, fastened to the outside, so as not to obstruct the hole. If of pasteboard it may be glued in place by slitting the end and gluing on the flaps thus made. If of tin it may be soldered to a tin ring or band surrounding the box, or the flaps may be fastened on with brads.

The disk-turning mechanism is now fastened cornerwise on a wooden base-board and a wire holder, *H*, fastened with a screw to one corner. This should reach up a little higher than the level of the record, but this may be adjusted by bending the wire. Also the distance from the needle to the guard may be adjusted in the same way till the right weight rests on the needle. A short "hook," as at *x*, may project in through a hole in the horn or funnel to keep it from turning. When all is ready put on your record, with the needle resting in its groove at the outside edge, and turn the crank. You will

Humorous.

Experience With a Family Paper.

"Hello, Stebbins! What you sitting on the horse-block for?" asked a sympathetic neighbor.

"Ain't nowhere else to set," replied Mr. Stebbins, gloomily.

"What's the trouble? Folks cleaning house?"

"Nope. Too much literatoo," groaned Mr. Stebbins. "You see, 'twas about four months ago, I reckon," he went on, seeming glad of a chance to talk, "that a real pretty, innercent-lookin' girl came along a-huntin' subscribers fer a sort of a family paper—a real home paper, says she, with somethin' in it fer everybody round the place. Ways fer the women to fix up the house an' cook. Ways fer the men to do business honest and successful. Ways fer the girls to make sofy pillers an' furniture 'thout any expense. Ways fer the babies to cut teeth an' be fed an' get took care of an' learnt manners. An', best of all, ways fer the boys to muse 'emselves by makin' things out o' nothin'."

"We hadn't no babies to be learnt to cut teeth, but we did hev two growed-up girls an' three boys. It seemed an awful lot to get jest fer one dollar; so, dummed ijit that I wuz, I up an' subscribed fer the paper."

"The fust number wuzn't long in comin'; an' when I see 'em all tryin' to read it at once, an' how pleased they wuz, I felt like one o' them there pilanthropists."

"Well, sir, there wuz a pictur on the very fust page of a thingumbob they called a cosy corner, an' blame me, if them women didn't go to work an' make one fer every last corner in the house. They made 'em of boards an' cracker-boxes, an' kivered 'em with ruffles of fancy caliker till they looked ez soft an' downy ez a snow-drif' in January; but if they'd 'a' made them cosy corners of cast iron an' upholstered 'em with carpet tacks, pints up, they couldn't hev been much worse to set on. This here stone horse-block's a feather bed compared to them cosy corners. That's one reason I'm a-settin' out here. 'Nother is I'm a-tryin' to get up a nappytite fer my victuals."

"Thet there paper hed pictures of all kinds of victuals did up fancy fer the table; an' by gum! them pictures looked good enough to eat. But the victuals themselves! Gosh! Fer instance, I'm real fond of plain b'iled Hubbard squash; but after readin' thet there paper an' seein' them picturs; nothin' 'd do but the hull blamed squash hed to come on the table, with the raw shell fer a dish, the stem fer the handle of the kiver, an' the inside all fixed up fancy with unknown ingrejents that made a feller dream hijous dreams after he'd et 'em."

"But the way thet paper struck them three boys wuz the worst. Gee whiz! They wuz a feller writ a piece 'bout havin' a circus in the attic, an' if that didn't jest hit them boys. Fer four days they wuz a-hammerin' an' a-sawin' an' a-riggin' up ropes. They stole all their maw's clo'se line an' most of the neighbors' into the bargain, an' they did hev a circus. Then, jest as we wuz gettin' used to hevin' a raft o' boys racin' up stairs to the attic an' to hevin' chunks o' plaster drop off'n the ceilin' onto our unsuspectin' heads, another of them doggasted papers come along an' stirred things up again."

"There wuz recipes fer some more of them back-twistin' things, but they called 'em inge nooks this time; some more pizen victuals fer the women to cook an' fer me to eat; an' fer the boys' directions fer making a workshop in the cellar."

"Them dratted boys sawed the handle off'n the hoe an' th' pitchfork to make a

tool-rack; cut up the barn door fer a work-bench, an' spent all the money in their missionary box fer nails."

"Things went along that way fer about four weeks, an' then another one of them papers come. The women fell to makin' easy-chairs out o' barrels—I'm lame in ev'ry jint from tryin' to set in the one they were kind enough to make fer me—an' I hed to send fer the doctir lickity-split before I't et more'n a quarter of a page of the last dose of fancy dishes; but, as usual, it wuz the boys thet got th' most good from thet there family paper."

"This time there wuz nothin' less than directions fer makin' a menagerie in the back yard. Gee! how them boys did work. They made coops an' cages all the way across the lot, usin' up th' rest of the barn fer lumber. Then they went on a hunt fer live critters to put in 'em. If them boys left anythin' of the kind runnin' round loose I dunno what it could 'a' been. They got twenty-seven cats, eighteen dawgs, twelve rabbits, five cats, a cow, two calves, a pig, an' dummed if them boys didn't steal Dr. Korkemberry's two white hosses an' paint stripes on one of 'em fer a zebry an' spots on t'other for a giraffe. It cost me \$2.25 fer turpentine to clean the paint off them critters, an' it ain't all off yit."

"An' this number of the paper announced the next number would contain 'How to Build a \$6,000 house fer \$345,' an' directions fer making pillershams which would be shammer than ever, an' etiquek lessons fer the girls, an' plans fer a house-boat for the boys, an' di-



CHINA SATISFYING THE POWERS.
THE WELL-FED RUSSIAN (to the Hungry Powers): "Bless 'our' meal, sirs."

rections fer a wife to make her husband's shoes. I read thet there paper, an' then I riz up like a worm when he's stepped on."

"Now this here's the biggest reason of all why I'm a-settin' out here dallyin'. This here is the day fer thet paper to come, an' the folks inside are all a-waitin' for it. This here is the day thet thet paper won't come. After I read thet last one I sent thet enterprisin' editor another dollah an' told him to stop his dingbatted paper. An' now I've got to go in and break the news to them there poor cosy-corner, fancy-dish-concoctin' women, and to them innercent amusement-lovin' boys—but I ain't hankerin' after my job."—Harper's.

The Verdict of an Expert.

The commanding officer of a corps was much troubled about the persistent untidiness of one of his men. Reprimand and punishment were unavailing. The man was incorrigible, and remained as dirty as ever. A brilliant idea struck the Colonel.

"Why not march him up and down the whole line, and shame him into decency?"

It was done. The untidy warrior, who hailed from the Emerald Isle, was ordered to exhibit himself and march up and down the entire regiment, and the men were told to have a good look at him.

The unabashed Pat halted, saluted the Colonel, and said, in the hearing of the whole corps, with the utmost sang-froid:

"This is the shirtest rigiment I iver inspected in me loife, sorr!"

Uncle Hank's Yarn.

Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in central New York. There were other ordinary country post office liars in the beautiful village of Eaton, New York, where I was born, but Uncle Hank could lie like a gifted metropolitan. Every night Uncle Hank's grocery was filled with listening citizens, all paying the strictest attention whenever the good old man spoke. When Charley Campbell or John Whitney lied nobody paid much attention, because they were clumsy workmen. Their lies would not hold water like Uncle Hank's. Why, the old man's lies were so smooth, so artistic that, while listening to them, you imagined you were listening to Elder Cleveland's Bible stories.

One day they were talking about potato bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery.

"Talk about potato bugs," said Dr. Purdy; "why, up in my garden there are twenty bugs to a stalk."

"Twenty bugs to a stalk! Only twenty!" mused Charley Campbell, contemptuously; "why, they ate up my first crop of potatoes two weeks ago, and they are now sitting all around the lot on trees and fences waiting for me to plant them over again."

"Why, you don't know anything about the ravenous nature of them potater bugs!" exclaimed Hank. "You may call me a liar, but I've had potater bugs walk right into my kitchen and yank red-hot potatoes right out of the oven! 'Waiting around a potato patch for the second crop!'" exclaimed old Hank,

His Idea of a Short Nap.

Some trifling little things illustrate certain Englishmen's knowledge of American geography very picturesquely. Lately, an Englishman who had taken the Limited at Montreal, called out on going to bed before the train started:

"Portah! Portah!"

The porter came. "What is it, sir?" "Please wake me up when we get to Vancouver, you know," said the Englishman.

The portly, well-dressed gentleman, whose specialty was mortgages, rose to address the meeting of the unemployed.

He said: "The chief cause of distress is a lack of frugality and thrift. You talk of the wolf at the door—he never comes to my door."

"I s'pose he's afraid of getting skinned," shouted some irreverent person in the audience, and the portly gentleman sat down.

Willie had swallowed a penny, and his mother was in a state of much alarm. "Helen," she called to her sister in the next room, "send for a doctor; Willie has swallowed a penny!" The terrified and frightened boy looked up imploringly. "No, mamma," he interposed "send for the minister." "The minister" asked his mother incredulously. "Did you say the minister?" "Yes. Because papa says our minister can get money out of anybody."

A Color Scheme.



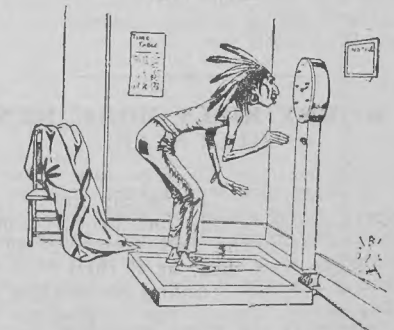
Pure White.



Pale Yellow.



Blue Black.



Light Red.

with a sneer. "'Waiting?' Why, gosh blast your souls, I was up to Townsend's store yesterday, and I saw potater bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who had bought seed potatoes for next year. I did, by Gum!"

The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. You could have heard a pin drop. Finally a long, lean man from Woodman's Pond raised himself up. The stranger, evidently a new comer, and not acquainted with Mr. Allen, pointed his long finger at Uncle Hank, and exclaimed, with a hiss:

"You are a liar!"

Uncle Hank looked over his glasses at the stranger long and earnestly. Then holding out his hand, inquired, with a puzzled look:

"Where did you get acquainted with me?"—Eli Perkins.

The grocery man on the corner relates that a couple of days ago a little girl entered his emporium and, timidly laying down a dime, asked for ten cents' worth of candy.

"It's for papa," she said. "I want to s'prise him when he comes home."

The groceryman proceeded to dig out some of his stock, when the little girl interposed.

"Don't give me that kind. Give me caramels. I just love caramels."

"But I thought these were for papa," the groceryman remarked.

"I know," explained the little girl, "but when I give them to papa, he'll just kiss me and say that 'cause I'm such a generous little girl he'll give them all back to me. So you'd better give me caramels."



A Family Journal Devoted to all that appeals to the Home.

—Published by—

THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.

STOVEL BUILDING,
WINNIPEG, CANADA.

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THE HOME PUBLISHING CO.

STOVEL BUILDING, WINNIPEG.

OCTOBER, 1901.

10c.

The Western Home Monthly will be sent for three months—a trial trip to new subscribers

FALL FASHIONS.

The new modes for the coming season give greater prominence to the strictly tailored garments. Dame Fashion has given her approval in a very emphatic manner. The return to the strictly tailored in cloth suits is one of the important changes. They exhibit good taste for street wear and the innovation is welcomed by every fashionable woman. The new modes show marked improvement over former seasons, both in the finish and the style effects. Some of the smart new suits show coats of modified boleros and blouse effects, skirts with the graceful flounce and with more flare at the bottom. The tendency is toward the plain stitched garments. The habit back-skirt will be seen again.

The wonder of the season is the great variety of styles in cloaks. Most every conceivable kind is shown. A woman will have no trouble in finding a coat that will meet her fancy. The 27-inch and the long 42-inch coats will be very popular. More grace and style is a marked feature of the coats this season.

The long coats have a decided advantage. They are made close-fitting to the waist line, but with more fullness in the skirt, giving a much smarter appearance.

The new waist modes are very beautiful and becoming in both the silk and wool garments.

Furs are to be more worn than ever. They will be a conspicuous feature of every winter costume. As trimmings, fur will be more elaborately used. Many new and handsome novelties are shown, while there is a large increase in the stock of small fur.

WORRY KILLS MORE MEN THAN WAR.

If every man would keep free from worry there would be fewer early retirements from business, either by death or as a result of broken health, than there are to-day, says an exchange.

Worry is the great enemy of mankind, and experience shows that, in a

large majority of cases, it is unnecessary. There is, for instance, the merchant who worries about a note that is to fall due in four months. Although the money with which to meet it is not in hand, the payment is still a reasonable distance away; but likely as not he spends the intervening time worrying lest he shall fail to secure it, only to find that, at the proper time, the money is on hand.

There is another who begins to worry at the beginning of the year over the profits of the business, and keeps it up until he can get another hold on this kind of worrying at the beginning of the following year.

Then there is the one who worries for weeks over a debt that he has allowed to be made, possibly with a perfectly responsible customer. He begins to think that the buyer can not or will not pay him, but he does, and so the worry was only wear and tear, pure and simple.

And then there is the borrower of trouble, who worries lest this or that thing may happen. Many a man, too, worries over the mistakes of the past, though he might just as well worry over the fact that he cannot read Greek. Brooding over trials, difficulties and disappointments is one of the most prominent and sure characteristics of fretfulness, and an equally sure forerunner of business reverses. In many cases, the mind seems to fasten itself upon the omnipresent troubles of the business. It thinks of little else from morning until night, and then, in the night time, sleep often will not come.

In many cases this state of things continues until its victim is obliged to forsake his business. "It is not work that kills, but worry," runs the old proverb, and the best thing a man given to worry can do is to turn over a new leaf and cultivate a cheerful disposition, remembering that there is no credit in being cheerful except under trying circumstances. It is possible, with a little self-discipline, to cultivate this cheerful disposition, and there is nothing like it to help one over the rough spots of business life.

BUILT FOR THE FUTURE.

One town in Alberta which we know was building a school house a few years ago. The place was growing rapidly, and the number of children of an age to attend school was constantly increasing, so the trustees erected a building of a size calculated to meet the coming requirements. The space was not then all needed, so part of it was rented. This fall the whole of the building will be required for school room, and being designed and built together will be more satisfactory than if a new wing was now having to be added. This is an example of the faculty which is commonly known as forehandedness.

WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

The calendar on the wall indicated the year 1925. The paterfamilias wore a dejected look as he familiarly wove glances at his satisfied-looking spouse and up-to-date daughters. He had seen them adopt his collar and necktie, steal the pattern of his hat, wear his coat and vest, and had said never a word when they took to bloomers. They had even taken his job down town from him without provoking a murmur. But as he watched them standing in a circle about the stove with coat-tails parted, hands in their pockets and backs to the fire he felt that the last peculiar right of his sex had gone; he had been driven from the last corner.



DAISY DILATOR AND APPLICATOR. Only instrument perfected for applying medicine direct to womb; very soft rubber; holds in place for any time; easily adjusted. Endorsed by Medical Press; write for booklet on health. Lady agents wanted. Mme. Isabel Lamont, Akron, O. Box 456.

Ended a Fence Fight.

Hackett, the famous lawyer, bought a tract of land, the boundary of which had been in litigation for years. But he disappointed all that expected a renewal of the fight by showing that he knew as much about human nature as about law.

Said Hackett to his neighbor, "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"I insist," replied the neighbor, "that your fence is over my land two feet at one end and one foot at least at the other."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead just as quick as you can and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbor, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle, tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett.

"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wa'n't nothin' in the fight, anyway, but the principle of the thing."

Ask the Animals.

Lawsuits over the ownership of animals may sometimes be settled by the animals themselves if they are given the opportunity.

There was once a farmer who found a valuable horse nibbling the grass in his orchard. He promptly locked it up and sent a notice to the paper in the nearest town, saying the owner could have it by describing the animal and paying expenses.

Within twenty-four hours a man came, claiming it and describing it perfectly, even to the scar on its left shoulder. But just as he was handing over the money to pay for its feed and care, the farmer's little daughter ran in to say that another man had come for the horse.

"Bring him in, Susie," said he, adding to his visitor, "We'll trap this thief with questions."

Strangely enough he answered every one, describing the animal as accurately as the first man had done. The possessor was in a quandry, at first declaring that neither should have the horse until a court of law settled it; then he thought of giving the horse a chance to testify.

"Come to the barn-yard gate, both of you, and I'll go inside, leaving the stable door open and the horse unfastened. The man that came first may have the first call. Wait till I say, 'Ready.'"

When the first voice called, "Here, Charlie; here, Charlie," the horse pricked up its ears, listened a moment, and then went on eating oats; but the minute the second called he left his dinner, ran out of the door, and straight up to the later comer, whinnying with pleasure. This so delighted the owner and possessor that the would-be thief disappeared among the sheds before they thought of taking him prisoner as they should have done. It was soon learned, however, that one of the neighbors was minus his new hired man.

A similar incident has recently occurred in an Indiana county. A farmer was continually losing his turkeys, and as his flock decreased, the flock of a widow near by seemed to increase. It was also noticed that she kept a great number of her turkeys shut up. At last the man could stand it no longer. He took a friend as a witness, and they boldly accused the woman of taking his birds, at which, of course, she flew into a rage.

To prove her assertion, she had finally to consent to a test and turn the fowls into an open lot, while the farmer went home and from there whistled for them. The moment he began, more than a dozen turkeys started off on a waddling trot across the fields, while the rest paid no attention whatever to the call. It settled the ownership question, but it started a neighborhood quarrel which will probably never be settled.

The habit of talking to dumb creatures and giving them peculiar calls is always worth while, whatever happens or does not happen. They like it and invariably respond.—Exchange.

Married for Love.

Written for The Western Home Monthly.

"Yes, Jack was a capital chap, But married for love you know; I remember the girl very well, Sweet little Kitty Dafee, Pretty and loving and good, And bright as a fairy elf; I was very much tempted indeed To marry the girl myself.

"But her friends were all of them poor, And Kitty had never a cent, And I knew I never should be With 'love in a cottage' content; So Jack was the fortunate one— Or unfortunate—anyway, You can see how shabby his coat, And his hair is streaking with grey.

"But I am told he thinks himself rich With Kitty and homely joys, A cot far away out of town Full of rollicking girls and boys. Poor Jack! I am sorry it's so; But of course he very well knew That fellows who marry for love Must drink of the liquor they brew."

And the handsome Augustus smiled; His coat was in perfect style, And the ladies still spoke of his grace And gave him their sweetest smile. But he thought that night of Jack Brown, And said, "I am growing old; I think I really must wed Some beautiful girl with gold."

Years sped, and the bachelor grew Wrinkled and grey and old; He had not been able to find The "beautiful girl with gold," And so with his fancies he dwelt Alone in the crowded town, Till one day he suddenly met The friend of his youth, Jack Brown.

"Why, Gussy, old chap! Come along!" Jack was so happy and gay, The bachelor sighed for content As he followed his friend away To the cot outside of the town, Half hid by the shrubs and the trees, Scented with lilacs and pinks And cooled with the soft prairie breeze.

"Why, Jack, what a beautiful place! What did it cost?" "Oh, it grew; There were only three rooms at the first, But very soon they were too few; So we added a room now and then; And oft in the evening hours Kitty, the children and I, Planted the trees and the flowers.

"And they grew as the children grew— Jack, Harry and Grace and Belle." "And where are the youngsters now?" "All happy and doing well; Jack's working the farm on the hill— His pathway is level and clear— And Harry's a doctor in town, Making two thousand a year.

And Grace and Belle are well wed— They married for love, as is best— But often our children come back To visit the dear home nest. So my sweet wife, Kitty, and I From labor and care may cease; We have plenty, and trust age to bring A sunset of love and of peace."

But over and over again The bachelor pondered that night: "Home and children and wife— Jack Brown was, after all right. Oh, if in the days of my youth I had honestly loved and wed: But now that I'm old no one cares Whether I'm living or dead."

A Problem.

By S. P. Morris, Man.

From beneath a mass of waving black Sprang a lightning, piercing dart; A glance; a roguish glance, alack— That pierced me through the heart. But, in the pain of such a wound, My soul seems wondrous free, Fresh beauties in the world abound; New joys and loveliness I see. But tell me when I ask a kiss, Will she say yes or no? There's heaven in that one word yes, But what is there in no?

Once in Two Thousand!

The disadvantage of shopping by mail with some houses is that goods ordered are often out of stock. This disadvantage is not applicable to us. Out of two thousand orders only once have we been obliged to return the customer's money for want of the goods required. Don't you think that this is a good showing? Your risk of disappointment is very slight indeed.

Let us fill your orders. We'll do it better than anyone else can. Our values are greater because our expenses are less. We do an exclusive mail order business, employ no salesmen, run no accounts, keep no books and have no losses. If you've not received our catalogue write for it. You'll find it useful, we are sure. If you live in Winnipeg, please write. Do not call. Remember we have no salesmen.



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This is a genuine Stradivarius model Violin, made of old wood, curly maple flamed back and sides, with top of highly polished wood, especially selected for violins, edges inlaid with purfling, best quality ebony finish trimmings, a splendid toned instrument of exceptional power and sweetness. With each violin we include a genuine Brazil-wood Tourte model bow, one extra set of strings, one piece of rosin, and one complete self instructor containing over one hundred selections, all carefully packed in a wooden shipping case. For \$1.50 extra we will send a splendid black violin case fully lined and with brass trimmings, lock and key.

C. O. D. if Preferred.—If you do not wish to remit cash with your order we shall be glad to forward the Violin by express C.O.D. subject to examination. You can then examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory pay the express agent our special price, \$3.65, and the express charges. Order to-day.

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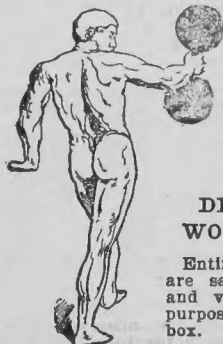


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PRICE \$7.75.

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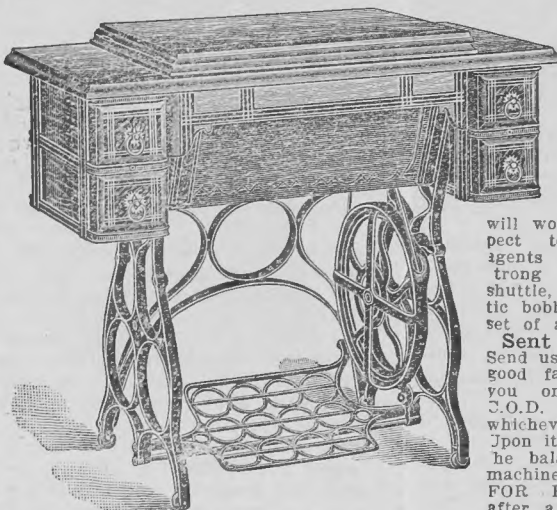


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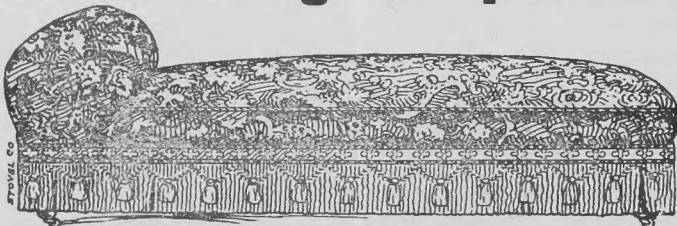
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This is positively the greatest and most wonderful Sewing Machine offer ever made in Canada. This machine is of the highest grade of mechanical construction and will work equal in every respect to machines sold by agents for \$65. It has neat, strong head, self-threading shuttle, and improved automatic bobbin winder. A complete set of attachments included.

Sent C. O. D. for 93c.—Send us 93c. as a guarantee of good faith and we will ship you one of these machines C.O.D. by freight or express, whichever is the cheapest. Upon its arrival pay the agent the balance, \$24, and try the machine AT YOUR HOME FOR FIFTEEN DAYS. If, after a thorough examination, you are not perfectly satisfied with it, you may return it to us at our expense and we will immediately refund the full amount paid. Do you think we could afford to make this liberal offer if we didn't believe the machine equal to all we claim for it?

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This Fine Lounge for \$9.85

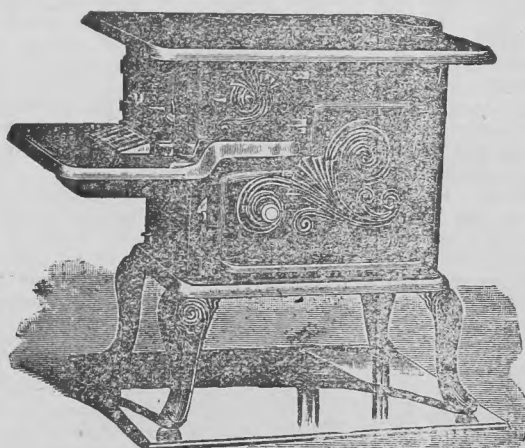


This luxurious Turkish Lounge is both neat and artistic, equal in every particular to what your dealer would sell to you for \$14.00 or \$15.00. The frame is solid and substantial and the workmanship first class. It has solid turned legs and fringe all around. We can supply it in three different colors of fine Derby Covering—old gold, dark green and maroon. Please state the shade preferred. Dark green is most popular and will be sent unless otherwise ordered. We do not care to ship this Lounge unless freight charges are guaranteed. If you do not want to send the full amount, \$9.85, with your order, send us \$1.00 to shew good faith, and we will ship the Lounge by freight, C. O. D., leaving you to pay the balance on arrival.

Our Wonder Cook Stove \$12.27

FOR BURNING WOOD, ONLY.....

This No. 9 Trader Wood-burning Cook Stove, without reservoir at \$12.27 is the equal of stoves that retail generally at \$15.00 to \$18.00. It is a thoroughly serviceable stove that will work as satisfactorily as those which cost more money. In construction it is strictly first-class, has outside oven shelf and is of a very striking design generally.



Our No. 9 Trader has every modern improvement known in stove making; it possesses all the good points of all first-class stoves with the defects of none.

It can be sent to points within 100 miles of Winnipeg for less than \$1.00; to points within 500 miles of Winnipeg for less than \$2.00, and to points within 1000 miles of Winnipeg for about \$3.00. Your dealer would have to pay just the same freight and he would add his profit on the freight too. Buy from us and save money on the stove and on the freight also.

20 lb. bag of the best FREE Granulated Sugar

Maber will give 20 lbs. of granulated sugar free to every purchaser of his great grocery bargain. Every housekeeper should take advantage of this liberal offer. The groceries mentioned below are of the finest quality, and by comparing the prices with those of your local grocer you will find that you will save considerable irrespective of the free sugar. We want you to buy your groceries of us. By doing so you will get better goods and save money. Read over our great grocery bargain.

- | | |
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| 20 lbs. Granulated Sugar .. | FREE |
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| 1 Bottle Snider's Catsup .. | .35 |
| 1 Tin W. Star Baking Powder .. | .25 |
| 5 lbs. Best Japan Rice, 6c. .. | .30 |
| 1 Bottle Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce .. | .35 |
| 3 Tins Peaches, 2 lbs., 20c. .. | .60 |
| 3 Tins Pears, 2 lbs., 20c. | .60 |
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A COMPLETE CURE.

When I was a small boy I had a most unfortunate habit of throwing stones. Most boys have this habit to a certain extent, but in my case it was something alarming, says the Rev. J. Mervin Hull, in Forward. As Grandma Attles said to Mother: "It dooz seen as ef the child was perzessed."

Even when I was in kilts it was a martyrdom for my older sister Lucy to take me for a walk. I can remember just how I felt. Every small stone by the wayside had a fascination for me. If it was oblong in shape, with rounded corners, I was so eager to get it that I would break away from Lucy and seize the stone and send it whizzing through the air, not always being careful enough in the choice of a target.

Just here my trouble arose. I never could be satisfied with throwing stones into vacancy. I wanted to throw them at something; and being in constant practice, I became altogether too good a marksman. Almost the only place where I could indulge myself without damage to something or somebody was down by the mill pond. Underneath the large rock that jutted out by the water gate I had collected a great store of round flat stones. Here, in a calm day, I would go and "skip" the stones, and watch them leap, leap, leap, leap-leap-leap-leap until they gently dipped beneath the water.

When I was eight or nine years old my propensity was newly excited in an unexpected way. It was not until that time, so far as I remember, that I heard the story of David and Goliath. Mother read it to me one Sabbath afternoon. Of course the whole story is interesting to any boy, but when Mother came to that part where David set aside Saul's armour and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in the shepherd's bag which he had, and went forward to meet the Philistine with his sling in his hand, I was electrified. I listened in a fever of excitement until David slung the stone and smote the giant in the forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth.

After this there was no peace for me until I had a sling. And when I had had got it, there was no peace for anyone else. I was firmly resolved to find some Goliath and slay him; or at least to knock over Farmer Hilton's cross old turkey, which attacked me every time I went past. The worst thing I did, however, was to use the wooden signal at Blueberry Crossing for a target. Contrary to my expectation, it split into kindling wood at the first fire, and old Jimmy Riggs, the gate tender, had to put out the danger signal the next time there was a passenger. Much was said to me at that time, forcibly by Jimmy and solemnly by Mother, and I laid aside my sling for a season.

But it was not until the summer of my twelfth year that the events occurred which effectually checked my career as an all-round marksman.

One lovely morning in June I was passing along the way that has been called the "Great Road" ever since the time of Paul Revere's ride. Suddenly I saw a stone of such elegant proportions, and so wonderfully adapted to be thrown straight at a mark, that I could not resist it, and in a moment it was in my hand.

What possible harm could there be, I reflected, in trying to hit the tip of the second telegraph pole on the right side of the road, above the wires? None, so I thought. I took careful aim, and cast the stone with all my strength. It struck the top of the pole exactly in the centre, and bounded smartly back over the wall into the field. I stood on one foot and uttered a shrill "yi-ee" of triumph.

At once there was a commotion on the other side of the wall, and a tall form shot up into the air. It was Teddy Muldoon, who had been tumbled down an embankment by a freight train a few years before, and had been "quare" ever since. Teddy was hatless, and his thin, red hair floated in the summer breeze. With one hand he grasped his nose, from which trickled a few drops of blood, while a copious stream of genuine Irish issued from his capacious mouth.

With a single bound he cleared the wall, and strode to my side. "Ye murtherin' pie-rut!" he exclaimed. "Will ye be after killin' a man just lyin' peaceful in a warm corner? Coom along wid me!" he cried, seizing my arm. "I'll take yez now, wid the blood on my face, to Lawyer Hinson, and ye will slape the night on the cold prison floor, aha!"

In vain I hung back, and protested that I did not intend any harm, and that I did not know that Teddy was behind the wall. He dragged me along relentlessly until we came near our house, where Mother was standing in the doorway.

"Ah, now," said Teddy, "that's better. Here's the lady will take care of yez."

By this time he had smeared enough blood over his face to make him a terrible object to look at. He led me to my mother, and lifting his hand to remove his hat, discovered that it was gone. Not in the least embarrassed, he bowed impressively to my mother, and said:

"Misthress Clarrk, it is sorry indade I am to tell this true shitory. I was takin' me rest in the corner of the wall, down by the Great Road, whin this bye came ramblin' down, which iverybody knows, Misthress Clarrk, asking your pardon, he cannot kape his fingers from any stone he see. 'Ha, ha!' he said, 'here is poor Teddy Muldoon, and a good mark for me!' And wid that he throw a stone, as big as me fist, and hit me, Misthress Clarrk, square in the face. Two lang hours I lay there, spachless and know'n' nothin', and whin I came to meself the air was black wid stones that young scamp was throwin' at me. Misthress Clarrk, I lave him wid you, well knowing that there be many fine willow sprouts by the brook beyant the meadow." And Teddy bowed solemnly again and walked away.

Mother knew the unfortunate Teddy well enough not to be frightened at his "true shitory;" but the dear, patient woman labored with me once more, and I promised, and truly resolved to reform. But sad is the fate of those who trifle with temptation.

A few days later I was walking along the village street, holding in my hand a stone, which I would not have thrown at anything for any consideration. Before me on the little green stood the village church. In the front of it was a stained-glass window, the beauty and pride of the village. In the centre of the window was the figure of a dove. As I drew near the church I began to say to myself: "If that dove was a real old crow flying through the air, I would take the stone in my fingers, so; and I would brace myself, right foot, so; left foot, so; and I would take aim, so; and I would let fly, so!"

I gave a tremendous throw with my right arm, intending to hold on to the stone with my fingers. But I failed to estimate the force of the throw. The stone flew from my fingers. It struck the window. I saw the figure of the dove disappear, I heard the crash of breaking glass, and the sound of the little pieces as they fell tinkling to the floor.

As I stood fixed to the spot, in the very attitude of throwing the stone, the door of the nearest house was opened and Deacon Sterne came out to the road.

"I am a-stonished," said the deacon, "that a child of Esther Clark could do such a wicked act."

"Oh, Deacon Sterne," I cried, "don't tell Mother, please don't! I didn't mean to break the window, I—"

"Boy!" said the deacon, with a look of horror, "don't add the sin of lying to the sin of—of—breakin' the winder! I see you brace yourself, I see you take aim before you throwed the stone. It was done delibrit, if anything ever was."

I saw that my case was hopeless. The deacon did not attempt to detain me, but he walked away in the direction of my home. I ran away through the fields to a wooded hillside, and lay down by a little brook whose rippling voice I loved. I thought that I should stay by the brookside and die there.

But when night came my heart cried out for Mother, and I went slowly homeward. Mother opened the door for me. I looked in her face, and I saw and realized for the first time how much a loving mother can suffer for a wayward boy. I think my lesson was learned at the moment her lips touched my cheek, but it was just as well that the details were carried out as they had been arranged.

It was estimated that it would cost twenty-five dollars to repair the window, and I was to earn the money myself. I received the announcement, made by Deacon Sterne, in hopeless silence. I should not have been more hopeless if he had told me that I must make the glass and put it in.

But in a few days a door of hope was opened. While waiting for the mail in the post office, I saw this little notice posted up:

"WANTED—Boys to pick strawberries, at Nelson's Farm, in the North-west District."

I took advantage of this at once, and, to my delight, I earned over twelve dollars before the strawberries were gone. But, oh, how my back ached every night.

After this the money came more slowly—a bit here and a bit there. I worked a few days for Mr. Loring, in his grocery store, and he gave me two dollars, and so many chocolate creams that I did not want any more for two days.

The huckleberries brought me a few dollars more, and one Thursday afternoon, in September, I went homeward with the happy consciousness that the money which I had earned that day would complete the twenty-five dollars.

As I turned the corner I met Wes Landon.

"Goin', Walt?" he cried.

"Where?" cried I.

"Hoosic tunnel 'scursion, 'course. Dincher know it?"

"No," I said. "When is it?"

"Sat'day," said Wes. "Come on; your mother'll let you go with us. My father's going."

"Well," I said, "I'll see. Perhaps I'll go." And I went along, earnestly debating the question in my mind, for I was passionately fond of riding in the cars, and indeed of anything that had to do with the railroad. Could I go? Would it be right for me to take two dollars for the ticket and wait until I earned it again and so delay my payment to Deacon Sterne?

I was so absorbed in thought that I did not notice that any one was approaching until the deep voice of Deacon Sterne startled me as he said:

"I have just come from your house, Walter, where I went a-purpose to see you. I would inquire whether or no you air prepared to pay the full sum required for breakin' that winder?"

"Yes, sir," I faltered. "With what I earned to-day I think I have it all."

"I am very glad to hear it," said the deacon. "Ahem! To-morrow evenin' is the annual meetin' of the society, when I must render my accounts. Ef you will come to my house to-morrow afternoon with the money I will give you a receipt in full."

It was with very heavy heart that I started for Deacon Sterne's on Friday

afternoon, being very careful not to come in contact with Wes Landon. It was very still in the large old kitchen where the deacon sat alone, and the ticking of the tall clock seemed like a solemn warning.

"Here is the money, sir," I said, and turned to go out at once.

"Sit down, lad," said the deacon; "I will give you your receipt as soon as I strike the balance here."

The deacon put his pen in his mouth, twisting his lips round it in a peculiar manner that I might have thought funny at another time. He rattled some papers, knotted his brow, made a few marks with his pen, and at length he said:

"I find on looking over the bills, that the total amount of expense that it cost the society to repair the winder was twenty-two dollars and eighty-nine cents, leaving two dollars and eleven cents your due." And the deacon slowly counted out the money upon the table.

How the appearance of the world was changed to me! I gathered up the money and started for the door again.

"Er—, Walter!" said the deacon.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"I hope you have given up the habit of throwing stones," said he.

"Yes, sir," said I. I knew there was a broad smile on my face, but I could not help it.

"You don't hardly have the appearance of bein' in the proper frame of mind about it," said the deacon.

"It isn't that, sir; it is something else that I am thinking about."

"Ah," said the deacon, in some bewilderment, as he let me go, at last.

Then how my bare feet flew along the dusty road. I rushed breathless into the little station, and called to the station-master: "Mr. Smith, have you got any of those 'scursion tickets left? I want one, please."

Mr. Smith smiled as he gave me the ticket, and said: "You needn't be in such a hurry, the train doesn't go till to-morrow."

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Home Dressmaking.

We owe an apology to hundreds of our subscribers who have ordered patterns through our Pattern Department during the past month. We had made what we thought to be a permanent arrangement for our supply, but owing to a change in the agency at Winnipeg, we were compelled to send for all patterns to New York. It is not our intention to be caught in this manner again, and have perfected arrangements whereby we can send out patterns the same day as orders are received. The prices of patterns vary, and are plainly stated after each illustration. We feel certain our patterns will give good satisfaction as they are from one of the largest and most successful manufacturers in America.



6730 6730

Misses' Costume, consisting of a blouse waist with left side closing and a seven gored skirt with an inverted box pleat at the back, and with or without a graduated circular flare flounce, from beneath which the skirt may be cut away, to have the regulation top or decided dip.

The pretty dress shown in the accompanying illustration is made of light blue cashmere combined with dotted blue and white taffeta, and trimmed with fancy blue gimp. A blue satin girdle encircles the waist.

A waist of this costume is mounted on a fitted lining overlaid to form a round yoke. The front and back of the material are cut away at the upper edge and shirred at the waist line. A standing collar finishes the neck edge. The collar and front yoke portion fasten on the left side and the right full front overlaps the left and fastens with hooks and eyes. The sleeve is two-seamed model, with one seam puffed over portion. The under sleeve extends to the wrist and is overlaid with the material. The skirt of this costume consists of a front, two-side front, two side and two back gores, the latter united by a centre back seam. The fullness at the upper edge at the back is disposed in an inverted box pleat, and a graduated circular flounce is attached to the lower portion of the skirt, but may be omitted. When it is used the skirt may be cut away from beneath it. A narrow belt finishes the upper edge of the skirt, which may be made in the regulation manner, or with a dip.

Tweed, serge, cheviot, cashmere, henrietta, brilliantine or novelty goods may be used to develop this design, and braid, gimp insertion, ribbon or passementerie may be used to trim.

Pattern No. 6730 is cut in five sizes, for misses from 15 to 17 years of age, and costs 25c. The fourteen years of age requires, with skirt cut away from beneath flounce, eight and five-eighths yards of material twenty inches wide; six and five-eighths yards thirty ins., or four and one-quarter yds. forty-four inches. As represented two and seven-eighths yards of fifty-four inch material were used, with seven-eighths of a yard of twenty inch dotted silk, four and one-quarter yards of passementerie to trim, and two yards of ribbon for belt and bow.

Pattern No. 6730, 25 cents.



6746 6746

No. 6746. Ladies' Waist or Bodice.

The pattern of this elegant garment is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. To make it 3 1/2 yds. of 27 in. material is required, or 1 1/2 yds. of goods 44 inches wide. To finish it as represented 3/4 yd. of shirred bucking 18 in. wide, 1 1/2 yd. of satin, 20 inches, 2 1/2 yds. of lace applique and 16 buttons will be required.

Pattern No. 6746, 20 cents.



6743

6743

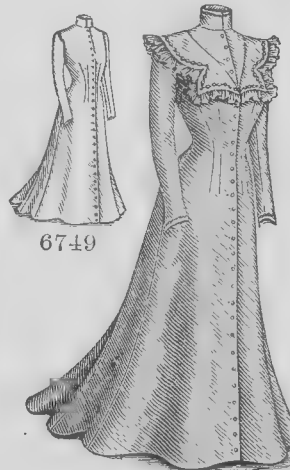
No. 6743. Ladies' Tee Gown or Wrapper (with or without boleros).

The pretty wrapper depicted in the accompanying illustration is made of light blue cashmere, and has a bolero jacket of all-over lace, and a girdle and bow of black velvet ribbon. The small view shows the garment without the bolero and with skirt cut in round length. The garment is fitted by centre-back, side-back, under arm and shoulder seams. The lining fronts are fitted by single bust darts and are included in the shoulder and under arm seams. The fronts of the material are loose; they are included in the shoulder and under arm seams and are confined at the waist by ribbons, the double box plait or Watteau plait which is used to decorate the back of this garment is attached to the neck edge and is inserted in the under arm and shoulder seams, but may be omitted. The sleeve of this garment is a one seamed bishop model, gathered at the upper and lower edges and finished at the wrist by a wrist band. The wrapper closes down the centre of the front with invisible hooks and eyes.

Cashmere, flannel, China silk, satin foulard, kimono crepe, flannel or flannelette may be used to develop this design, and lace, insertion, ribbon, braid, gimp, embroidery or galloon may be used to trim. The picturesque little bolero may be made either of silk, velvet or all-over lace.

Pattern No. 6743 is cut in seven sizes, for ladies from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and costs 25c. The thirty-six inch bust measure size requires fifteen and five-eighths yards of goods twenty inches wide; nine and one-eighth yards thirty-six inches, or seven and five-eighths yards forty-four inches. As represented, fifteen and one-quarter yards of twenty-inch silk were used, with three-quarters of a yard of eighteen-inch lace applique for the bolero fronts, two and three-quarter yards of narrow lace to trim edges of bolero, collar and cuffs, and four and one-half yards of ribbon for ties and bow.

Pattern No. 6743, 25 cents.



6749

6749

No. 6749. Princess House Dress or Wrapper (with or without the Bertha and in-sweep or round length).

The stylish house dress depicted in the accompanying illustration is made of light

grey cashmere. The Bertha is trimmed with a plaited ribbon ruffle, and narrow gimp is used to ornament the collar, Bertha and lower edge of the sleeve. The small views depict the garment without the Bertha and in round length. The garment is fitted by centre-back, side-back, under-arm and shoulder seams, also along double bust darts. Extensions are cut at the seam edges of the centre backs below the waist line, and are laid underneath to form an inverted box plait. A standing collar finishes the neck edge, and the shaped Bertha is attached to the upper portion of the wrapper, as indicated. The sleeve is a two seamed, close fitting model, gathered into the armholes and shaped at the lower edge, is finished by a hem or facing, according to preference.

Foulard, henrietta, cashmere, flannel, brilliantine, challis or gingham may be used to develop this design, and braid, gimp, cord embroidery, or galloon may be used for trimming.

Pattern No. 6749 is cut in ten sizes, for ladies from thirty-two to fifty inches bust measure, and costs 20c. The thirty-six inch bust measure size requires twelve yards of material twenty-seven inches wide; eight and three-eighths yards thirty-six inches, or six and seven-eighths yards forty-four inches, with five and one-half yards of ribbon for plaiting and two and seven-eighths yards of passementerie to trim.

Pattern No. 6749, 20 cents.



6732

6732

No. 6732. Ladies' Costume (consisting of double breasted Eton jacket with or without a centre back seam, and a seven gored flare skirt with inverted box plait at the back, in sweep or round length and with regulation top or decided dip).

The costume depicted in the accompanying illustration is made of blue Venetian cloth and is finished with machine stitching. One small view shows the jacket with fronts open and the other depicts the back of the costume with skirt cut to round length and jacket with centre back seam.

The jacket is fitted by centre back, under-arm and shoulder seams, also single bust darts. If preferred, the centre back seam may be omitted and the whole back used. The fronts are shaped at the lower edge, and at the upper part form revers which meet the rolling collar in notches. The sleeve is a two-seamed model, cut to flare slightly at the lower edge and gathered into the armhole.

The seven gored flare skirt consists of a front gore, two side front gores, two side gores, and two back gores, the latter by a centre back seam. The fullness at the upper edge of the skirt at the back is disposed in an inverted box plait. A narrow belt fin-

ished the top and the lower edge is faced and bound.

Serge, cheviot, tricot, tweed, camels' hair, Venetian cloth may be used to develop this design, and passementerie, braid, gimp, machine stitching or bands of contrasting material may be employed for decoration.

6732 is cut in seven sizes, for ladies from thirty-two to forty-four inches bust measure, and costs 25c. The thirty-six inch bust size requires ten and one-quarter yards of twenty-seven inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge when draped is four yards.

Pattern No. 6732, 25 cents.

Dress Economics.

A woman who makes the clothing for a family of children, seldom sees the time when all the sewing and mending are done. When the thin dresses the little girl wore last fall are brought out, we are surprised to see how much she has grown, for it is usually considered necessary to make several changes before they will be ready for use again.

The fullness of modern frocks removes half the difficulty, for fitted bodices are hard to enlarge. When the waist is joined to the skirt these may be taken apart and a belt of the material put in to lengthen the dress. If you wish to lengthen the skirt, let the hem out and face the lower edge, or put a row of insertion just below the hem. The full sleeves are lengthened by replacing the cuffs with wider ones.

Long before the careful housewife feels that she can discard certain garments she finds that they must be renovated in some way to make them look presentable or they cannot be worn any more. This is especially true of the daintily-colored gighams, chambrays, dimities and other wash goods that often fade out almost white during a few weeks' wear, even when carefully washed. These dresses can be boiled in a strong suds to remove all the old color that remains, then die them pink, pale blue, cream color or turkey red with diamond dye for cotton. The dresses need not be taken apart so the task will be an easy one. Waists that have faded are greatly improved by the same treatment. One is often surprised at the result of a little work and planning from seemingly hopeless material.

Kitchen aprons may be made of the back breadths of dress skirts of different kinds of wash goods. Watch for the tiny breaks in the children's hose, and mend them before they have a chance to grow larger; if you will darn the heels, toes and knees of their stockings before they are washed they will wear longer. Pieces of percale, calico, gingham, or in fact almost any kind of dress goods can be used for quilts, and the little girls will enjoy piecing them. Old garments that cannot be made over make good carpet rags, and here again the little girls can render efficient aid. Teach the little girls to sew. The woman who can make her own dresses and knows how to make the best use of every dollar, is, in nine cases out of ten, the one who began while quite small by practising on garments for her doll and herself. It is well worth your while, busy mother, to stop long enough to tell her all she can understand of the dress-maker's art. No matter how wealthy she may be in after years, the knowledge will always be useful.

Never allow old material to accumulate but rip it up, make it into serviceable garments, and lay them aside until you are ready to sew them. They take up less room, and it is such a satisfaction to have the work done.

What we are in heart, in spirit, in the inner life, we are really before God; and that, too, we shall ultimately become in actual character, in outward feature.—Rev. J. R. Miller.

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Hallowe'en Myths.

The last evening in October, long and familiarly known to us as Hallowe'en, was commonly called Nut-Crack Night in England. On this night nuts were roasted, kale was pulled and all sorts of charms were resorted to by the lads and lassies in the attempt to discover who was to be their future wife or husband. The attempt was supposed to meet with greater success on this night than on any other because all the devils, witches and other mischief making beings were supposed to be abroad on their baneful errands.

The fairies were also supposed to hold a grand anniversary revel on Hallowe'en. These wee folk were supposed to dwell in every tree, shrub or flower and at midnight to come forth and dance and make merry in the fairy rings.

There were several kinds of fairies. One of these were the small people who were said to be the spirits of the folks who lived on the earth long, long before Christ came, and who were not good enough for heaven but were too good for hell. They were condemned to grow smaller and smaller with each successive year till at last they turned into ants.

Then there were the Spriggans, who were mischievous and thievish and were said to be the ghosts of the giants who formerly inhabited the earth.

The Piskies or Pigseys were much like the Spriggans.

The Buccas, Bockles or Knockers were supposed to be the souls of Jews, who formerly worked in the mines.

The Brownies, so familiar to us all, were household sprites and were good and kind.

Apples always played an important part in the mystic ceremonies of Hallowe'en. The apple and candle test and bobbing and forking for apples have become familiar to all through their familiar use at Hallowe'en parties. Apple seeds were named and stuck on either cheek. The one which remained the longest in place indicated the decree of destiny. Whole apple parings were flung over the right shoulder when they took in falling the form of the initial of the future wife or husband.

Nuts were named and placed in pairs on the embers of a wood fire. If one nut snapped and flew away from the other it meant separation. If it returned reunion was indicated. If both burnt together the course of true love would be very smooth and happy. Another way was to name the nuts after several suitors. These nuts were placed on the hearth. Those that cracked or jumped were supposed to be untrue to their lovers' vows. If a nut began to burn the suitor represented by it was supposed to adore the maiden who placed the nuts.

Kale or cabbage pulling was another favorite charm. A girl walked backward until she reached the cabbage bed when she pulled the first cabbage she stumbled over. If it was large it was a good omen. If a lot of earth clung to the roots, the man in the case would be rich; if the stalk was straight the man would be handsome; if it was crooked he would be ugly or deformed; if the stem or pith tasted sweet, his temper would be an easy one; if it tasted bitter, his temper would be cross-grained.

Another charm was to steal out all alone to the lime kiln and throw in a clue or ball of blue yarn. Wind it in a new ball off the old one and toward the latter end something would hold the thread. The seeker after hidden knowledge would then ask: "Who holds?" and the kiln pot would reply by giving the name of one's future wife or husband. In place of the lime kiln a pail of water was sometimes used.

Lead was melted in an old iron skil-

let. A tin basin of clear water was at hand. An iron spoon was heated and with it a little of the lead was dropped into the water. The form the lead took showed the occupation of one's future husband. If the lead fell into a solid lump the inquiring maiden would be fated to old maidhood. The melted lead was sometimes poured through the lop of a key.

If a maiden walked around the house three times backward she would walk into the arms of her future husband.

One of those little lady bugs was caught and held carefully while the following rhyme was repeated:

"This lady-fly I take from off the grass,

Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.

Fly, Lady-bird! North, south or east or west,

Fly where the man is found I love the best."

The insect when released flew where it and fate pleased.

To take three swallows of salt, go to bed backward, lie on the right side and sleep without moving till morning was also supposed to have the desired effect.

Here is a rhymed charm:

"Turn your boots toward the street,
Leave your garters on your feet,
Put your stockings on your head,
You'll dream of the one you're going to wed."

Another charm was to grate and mix a walnut, a hazel nut and a nutmeg. Mix them with sugar and butter and roll into pills to be swallowed just before retiring. If the maiden was to marry a gentleman her sleep would be full of golden dreams; if a tradesman, odd noises and tumults would be heard; while if a traveller, thunder and lightning will mingle with her dreams.



"Go 'long, you stupid boy, can't you see that my vehicle is not used to mules?"



Aunt: "Goodness! children, why have you tied those handkerchiefs about your necks?"
The Twins (insinuatingly): "Well, we didn't know but that you might ask us to have some pie."

To take the acrid wild taste from wild plums and make the skins tender, sprinkle soda over them, then pour on water just hot enough not to cook or break the skin, and allow them to stand twenty-four hours before cooking.

If you have to use bread flour instead of pastry flour in a baking powder mixture, deduct two tablespoons from each cup in the directions as nearly all recipes in a reliable cook book are written for pastry flour.

SISTER: READ MY FREE OFFER.

Wise Words to Sufferers

From a Woman of Notre Dame, Ind.



I will mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female trouble. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U.S.A., for the FREE TREATMENT AND FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OR DAUGHTERS I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and save your daughter the humiliation of explaining her troubles to others. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens relaxed muscles and ligaments which cause displacement, and makes women well. Write to-day, as this offer will not be made again.

Address—MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 427, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.

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E	E	Q	C	B	U	
S	T	N	O	S	H	J

\$200 IN CASH,

—FREE—

We will give the above reward to any person who will correctly arrange the above letters to spell the names of three Canadian cities. Use each letter but once. Try it. We will positively give the money away, and you may be the fortunate person. Should there be more than 1 set of correct answers, the money will be divided equally. For instance should 5 persons send in correct answers, each will receive \$40; should 10 persons send in correct answers, each will receive \$20; twenty persons, \$10 each. We do this to introduce our firm and goods we handle as quickly as possible. SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ANSWER. This is a FREE contest. A post card will do. Those who have not received anything from other contests, try this one.

EMPIRE SUPPLY CO., ORILLIA, CANADA.

Preaching Under Difficulties.

Many amusing stories have been told about Prof. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard. One of the oddest tells how he once entered a pulpit.

Dr. Peabody was to preach in Salem on a certain Sunday, and spent Saturday night with some friends in Beverly, where he was born. Without knowing or intending it, he was much belated in going to the church Sunday morning, arriving there long after the bell had ceased tolling and all the congregation had assembled.

When informed of his innocent mistake, he hit on an ingenious plan for making it appear unnotable. Telling his friends who accompanied him to enter at the front door, he himself went to the rear of the church, making his entrance through the cellar, and proceeding to a trap-door which he knew to be in the floor of the pulpit, and through which he thought he could enter unperceived by the congregation, inasmuch as both pulpit and desk were enclosed by high panels. He climbed some steps, and succeeded, after several vain efforts, in pushing the trap-door to one side. Then he found his dilemma: for standing directly over the door was a long mahogany sofa, which was too low for him to crawl under and too heavy for him to lift. Desperation, however, nerved his arm, and he began to tug at the sofa, regardless of the racket he made.

Meantime the congregation were waiting with impatience and wonderment the appearance of the eminent preacher, when all at once they heard the sound of scuffling and half-suppressed exclamations proceeding from the pulpit. No one was visible to them there, but the sounds grew more audible every instant. At last two gentlemen (perhaps the deacons) left their pews and went to the pulpit, prepared to exercise what evil influences might be prevailing in that sacred enclosure.

There they found the worthy doctor endeavoring, like another Samson, to bear off the gates that opposed his passage. They assisted in relieving him from his oppressive environment, restored order to the scene, and returned to their seats.

As for the preacher, he soon recovered his serenity, and proceeded with his service as if nothing unusual had happened; though almost any other man, emerging from such embarrassing circumstances, would have found himself in neither a preaching nor a praying mood.

Telescoping Three Meals in One.

An old miser owning a farm found it impossible to do his work without assistance, and offered any man food for performing the labor. A half-starved man, hearing of the terms, readily accepted them.

Before going into the fields in the morning he invited his servant to breakfast; after finishing the morning meal, the old skinflint thought it would be a saving of time if they should place the dinner upon the table after the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon dispatched.

"Suppose now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will save time and trouble, you know."

"Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went.

"Now we will go to work," said the delighted employer.

"Thank you," said the laborer politely; "I never work after supper."

Papa: "You saw that big boy whipping the little one, and you didn't interfere? Suppose you had been that little boy?"

Bobbie: "I did think of that, an' was going to part 'em, but then I happened to think, s'pose I was the big boy? So I left 'em alone."

Cosy Home Dept.

With this issue we show perspective view and floor plan of design No. 17, a beautiful little story and a half cottage. This house can be built for about \$1,800. The reason we say about is that the prices vary in the different sections of the country, but the variation is not as much as many people would think. Of course the largest bills are lumber and labor, and with the facilities for hauling lumber in the various sections of the country, there is but little difference in the prices.

In the first place we would like to say a word in regard to the blue prints and specifications of these designs, thereby explaining why these houses can be gotten up so cheaply. A house cannot be built at a minimum cost without complete plans and specifications to

specifications for this house can be had for \$5.00. The only benefit you would have in paying the architect from \$50 to \$75 for the plans would be that no one else in the country would have a house exactly like yours, while if you bought this set, possibly you might find another house in some other province or perhaps in your own, that had been built from the same plans. The actual cost of getting up these plans is a good many times the charge that is made for them.

Now, as the average home builder wants to get up something as inexpensive as possible and have it look as well as he can, it would be well to say what we have figured in for \$1,800. In the first place, all of the finish is specified to be good, first-class stuff; maple floor-

The King and the Strikers.

One of the best-loved kings of Europe is undoubtedly the King of Denmark, whose subjects regard him more in the light of a father than a ruler. He is one of the most unconventional kings, too, and has a great disregard for ceremony at any time.

A short time ago his majesty was taking a walk in Copenhagen without a guard of any kind, when he came upon a number of workers discussing their grievances. It was during a strike, and the men were very much agitated.

Suddenly one of them cried: "There's the king! Let us ask his opinion."

In a moment the king was surrounded by an eager throng, who explained to him that they were being almost starved whilst their employers were simply rolling in riches.

As it happened; the king knew all about the affair, and knew also that the men were greatly exaggerating their side of the question.

For an hour he patiently argued with them as to what was right in his opinion, and though they were still unconvinced when he left them, they all agreed that he was the best of men, and that no king in Europe could be compared with him.

Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life.—Channing.

Cures Weak Men Free

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME FOR ALL.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, night losses, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and vigor. Simply send your name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 758 Hull



L. W. KNAPP, M.D.

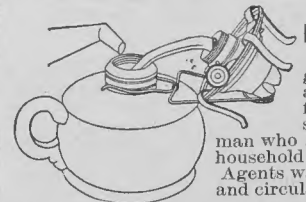
Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following extracts taken from his daily mail show what men think of his generosity.

"Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely braced me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy, and you cannot realize how happy I am."

"Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and enlargement is entirely satisfactory."

"Dear Sir:—Yours was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in size, strength and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.



CLIMAX BURNER REST

Simple, of great merit, and fills a long felt want. So say every woman who sees our new household novelty. Agents wanted. Sample and circulars, 10c.

LUSK & CO., BOX D 285, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE, MAN.

POPULAR TWO STEPS, 10 cents each. Favorite and Ambassador. Catalogue free. E. H. Broomhall, 16x, South Elliott Place, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HOUSE PLANS FOR EVERYBODY

Do You Intend to Build a House?

If so, you should have a copy of the

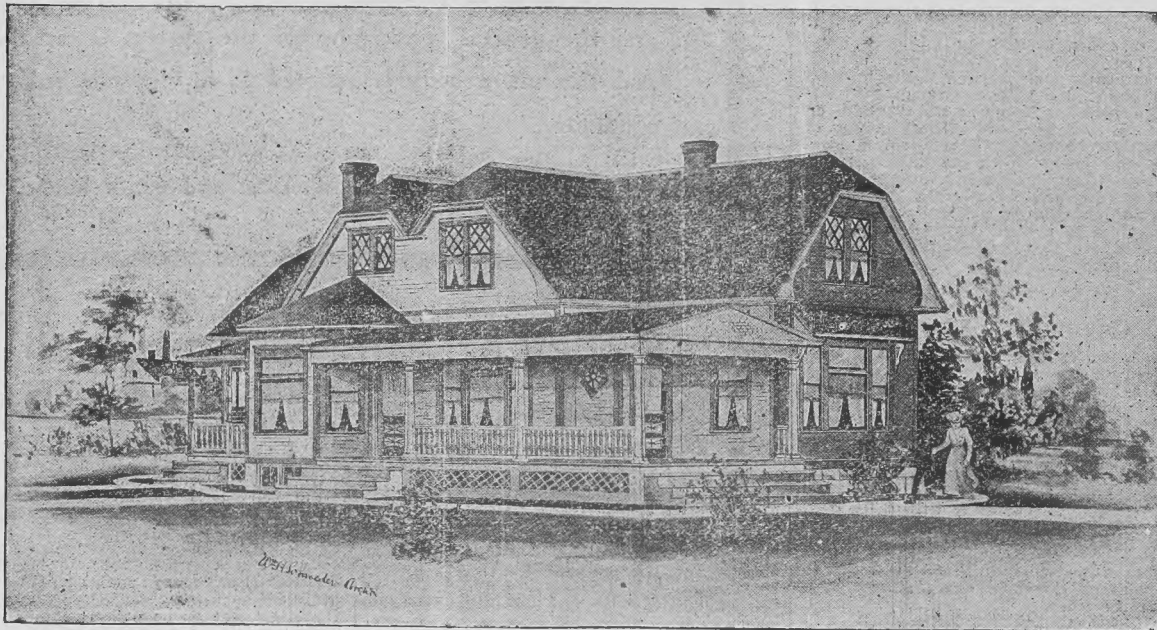
IDEAL HOMES.

This handsome cloth-bound book contains 72 pp., is 8 1/2 by 10 1/2 inches in size, and illustrates 56 designs of medium-priced houses, besides plans for four good sensible barns. Thirty-four of these houses range in cost from \$500 to \$1,500, the others from \$1,550 up. The regular price of this book is 50c., but we have made a special arrangement whereby we can offer The Western Home Monthly and this handsomely illustrated book of house plans for 75c.

Make remittance by post office or express order to

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Stovel Building, WINNIPEG, MAN.

When writing, please mention this paper.



Plan No. 17.

start with. Should you go to an architect for a plan of a house of this kind he would charge you anywhere from \$50 to \$75 for the plan. The plans and

ing in the kitchen and bath-room and yellow pine finish mostly. The plumbing is not included in this estimate, but the arrangement is such that the plumbing would be very little addition, possibly \$150. There are no rooms finished in the upper floor. The six rooms and bath; in fact, everything on the first floor, are finished complete, excepting the plumbing. The specifications specify every item that goes into the house; the quality it is to be and the kind of wood, even to the picture moulding. The blue prints that go with these specifications include the foundation plan, floor plan, front elevation, side elevation (right), side elevation (left), and rear elevation. The price of the cellar and foundation is included in the price of the house.

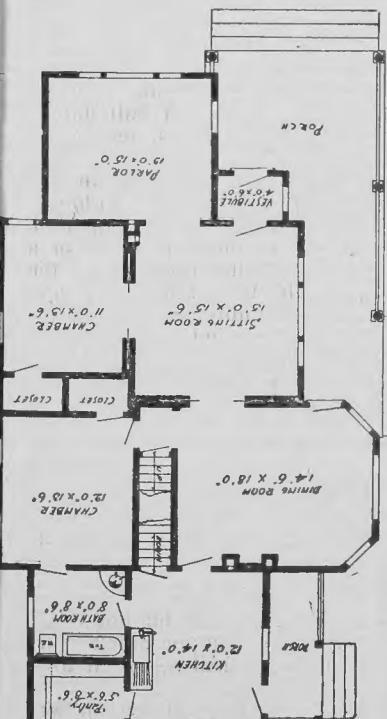
They are poor that have lost nothing; they are poorer far who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor of all who lose and wish they might forget.—Jean Ingelow.

"Uncle," said the dusty tramp, "how far is it to Sagetown?" "Bout a mile and a half," replied the farmer. "Can I ride with you?" "Sartin. Climb in." At the end of three-quarters of an hour the dusty pilgrim began to be uneasy. "Uncle," he asked, "how far are we from Sagetown now?" "Bout four mile and a half." "Great grief! Why didn't you tell me we were going away from Sagetown?" "Why didn't you tell me you wanted to go thar?"—Chicago Tribune.

How and Where to Buy Goods at Wholesale.

Every reader of this paper is interested in buying his or her needs in all kinds of merchandise at the lowest possible price, and naturally the question often arises, "Where and how can I get the lowest prices?"

There is located in Winnipeg The F. O. Maber Co., Limited, a large mail order house, devoted exclusively to supplying people outside of the city of Winnipeg, in every town, in every village and district, everything conceivable in merchandise, and all at the very lowest prices. This firm's advertisements can be seen in the columns of our paper regularly. The publishers are personally acquainted with this firm and can recommend them to the entire confidence of our readers. They publish a catalogue, which they will nail to any one of our readers on receipt of a request for same. It is complete with illustrations, descriptions and lowest quotations on almost everything that is used by mankind. There is scarcely an article that will not be found illustrated, described and priced in this book. Our readers are especially requested to read the announcements of The F. O. Maber Co., Limited, that appear in this paper, and that will appear from time to time, and are also advised to send for their catalogue.



Plan No. 17.

In the Home.

Remember, Boys, Your Mother.

Your mother, boys, remember;
Her place none else can fill;
Remember how so tender
She soothed away each ill.
Perhaps her store was slender,
But neither queen nor king,
With royal pomp and splendor,
To you her wealth could bring.
That wealth, boys, well remember,
It is her heart of gold—
That heart unlike the ember,
Grows not, boys, ever cold.

Remember, boys, your mother;
She's worth far more than gold;
You'll never find another
So good, so gracious. Hold
Her dear as any lover
The maiden he's to wed.
Each day, boys, kind discover
New joys to freely shed
Upon her, your dear mother,
God's best gift here on earth;
The angels e'en, above her,
Proclaim her love and worth.

A Short Study in Expenses.

There are unwise ways of saving. A woman who is not dressed becomingly and a family who, in the name of economy, do not live on nutritious food, are foolish. There are economies that cost more than their worth, by far. A woman dressed in faded old clothes cannot take her place among her neighbors as she should, and may well exclaim: "I have saved a few pennies, but have lost my peace of mind." Living in an unhealthy locality, because rentals are cheap, may be called a wicked extravagance. These or any foolish frugalities and stupid ways of trying to save are not approved in these hints on economies.

As an example for our study, take one of those sensible village families where there is but a moderate income; children fond of, and supplied with, plenty of toys and books; where all members of the family are well fed and neatly clothed; and where a little money is set aside each year "for a rainy day," or utilized in making payments on a home.

The goodwife has been all over the buying field so often that she knows the business well. The kind of shoes that suit the children best and wear longest has been long settled; the purchase of the spring bonnet after the season has gone by a little has saved a dollar at times; and the hunt for bargains though faithfully pursued, has, in the main, disclosed anew the old truth that something for nothing cannot be had, and that there are really no "bargains."

But it is often found that no saving in rental, in fuel, in clothing, in reading matter, in benevolence, or in troublesome "incidentals" can easily be made. "How, then," it is asked, "can further economy be practised?" Will it be helpful if I answer from experience? "By buying at wholesale," and give a few illustrations? You cannot buy at wholesale all household purchases, but the attempt to do so when possible is worth the attention of that numerous and excellent class of people who need every dollar they can get.

As suggestive of a larger line, take these four commodities: soap, potatoes, sugar and coal.

1. Laundry soaps that sell for five cents a cake, "six for a quarter," can be bought in packages of one hundred cakes for three dollars or less. True, you pay in advance, but the interest on the money retained would hardly cover the value of the box in which the wholesale bars come. And what woman does not know that soap improves with age?

2. Do not buy potatoes in large quantities except in the fall. But in early winter, when the farmers are clearing out some lots, the ever needful potato can be bought cheaply by the barrel, can be kept with little care, and be just as good as the dealer would charge you twice as much for, if bought by the peck. They will also be of uniform quality. Cabbage, beans, etc., can be procured in the same way, and no detriment wrought to the farmer either, and really none to the middleman. Of course, it is well not to overstock, nor can one economize thus who lives in a flat.

3. Granulated sugar. When sugar retails at six cents per pound, it can be bought in one hundred-pound bags for about a cent a pound less.

4. Coal uniformly advances in price in the fall, and declines in spring and summer. The household "papa" usually orders it. Dealers are glad to book season orders in the summer, whereby almost any family can save one, two, or more dollars each year.

The list could be enlarged, but the hints on these four staple articles may be sufficient to indicate that there are common items worth thinking over, be the varying conditions of city or country existence what they may. A man who used a stove with

no back damper was known to buy coal by the bushel at an advance of about four dollars per ton over ton prices. This is a sample of the all too common want of thrift. The family was poor, though the man earned good wages. Buying at wholesale can be done everywhere to some profitable extent.

A concluding word on soap, aside from the above, and really an advance idea over purchasing at wholesale. Housekeepers should save the grease, buy a can of potash or lye from the grocer for ten cents, and make their own soap. Directions are on each package, and after a few attempts such white, beautiful soap will be made that one will exult with pardonable pride.

Seasonable Recipes

Tomato Catsup.

One-half bushel ripe tomatoes, one quart cider vinegar, one pound brown sugar, one-fourth pound allspice, three-fourths pound ground mustard, one-fourth pound whole black pepper, one oz. whole cloves, one teaspoonful cayenne pepper, six medium-sized onions sliced. Salt to taste.

Process—Scald tomatoes, remove the skins, slice onions. Add vinegar and spices, boil all together gently until consistent to pour, stirring constantly. Rub pulp through sieve, let stand to cool. Then bottle and seal.

Bottled Grape Juice.

Select fine, large, ripe grapes; bruise without mashing them to avoid extricating coloring matter. Strain through a flannel jelly bag, repeating process until juice is quite clear. Then pour into sound pint bottles, cork securely by driving new corks in with a small maul. Tie with a strong string attached to neck of bottle, stand upright on a trivet in a boiler, and fill to height of bottle with cold water. Place over moderate fire and bring slowly to boiling point. Boil from fifteen to twenty minutes. Remove from fire and let cool in the water. When cool, cut the strings and lay bottles down on sides in a cool, dry place. Be sure that bottles are thoroughly sterilized before juice is poured into them.

Cucumber Catsup.

Three dozen cucumbers peeled and chopped very fine. Mix thoroughly with three-fourths of a pint of salt, place in sieve, and let drain over night. Add one-half pint cup of whole mustard seed, ground black pepper to taste (about one-fourth of a cup), Mix all thoroughly and cover with the best malt vinegar. Bottle.

Tarragon Vinegar.

Put into a wide-mouthed stone jug one cupful of fresh tarragon leaves. Cover with one quart of white wine vinegar. Let stand for three weeks. Draw it off. Strain, and bottle for table use. Cover leaves again with the same quantity of white wine vinegar, and stand aside for a period of four weeks. Draw off as before, strain and bottle.

Piccalilli.

Wash and remove stem ends of one peck of green tomatoes. Peel eight large onions, chop all fine, and mix thoroughly with one cupful of salt. Let stand over night in stone jar. In the morning drain off all the liquor. To the pulp add two quarts of water and one of vinegar; place on range and bring to boiling point. Let cook gently twenty minutes. Drain through colander. Throw away liquor, return pulp to kettle, add one cupful grated horseradish, pour over all two quarts of vinegar, one pound of sugar, one half-pound of white mustard seed, three tablespoonfuls of ground pepper, two of cinnamon, one of cloves, two of celery salt, one of allspice, one teaspoonful cayenne pepper. Boil all together fifteen minutes or until tender, when pierce with small wooden skewer. Stir it often to prevent scorching. Pour into glass jar. Seal.

Preserved Citron.

Slice the citron crosswise in slices one-third of an inch thick. Peel and remove the seeds. Cut citron into one-third inch dice. Place them in a porcelain kettle. Add one-half cupful of salt to each five pounds of fruit. Cover with cold water and let stand over night. Drain and cover with fresh cold water. Soak two hours, changing the water four or five times. Dissolve one tablespoonful of pulverized alum in two quarts of boiling water. Pour over citron and bring to boiling point. Drain. Prepare a syrup of two and one-half pounds of sugar, and one and one-half quarts of boiling water. Boil and skim. Add citron, and simmer gently until clear and tender. Drain citron from syrup. Set in the sun for two hours to harden. To the syrup add the peel of one large lemon, using only the yellow rind shaved off as thinly as possible. Add the juice of two lemons and a small piece of green ginger root (two inches

That Over-Worked Played-Out Feeling.

If your occupation is of a sedentary nature, if it is carried on indoors, or if it involves the exercise of brain rather than muscle, it may be reckoned among the unhealthy occupation. Your bowels become clogged, liver sluggish, blood thin and impure, heart weak, nerves shattered, brain action slow, and memory failing—better to-day—worse to-morrow.

When you feel over-worked, run-down and played-out, your system is deranged, and your body ill-nourished and weak.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt is intended for just such persons as yourself. The poisoning of the blood and the general weakening of the system is rectified, and the entire body is restored to a vigorous healthy condition.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT. 25c and 60c a bottle.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

A Perfect Tonic Laxative.

long) sliced in thin slices. Boil gently for twenty minutes. Set aside. When citron is hardened, fill into glass jars and bring syrup to boiling point and strain it over citron.

Thoroughness Pays.

There is no habit that young people can acquire that is likely to be so valuable to them in every relation of life as the habit of being exact. Indefiniteness is a crying fault of youth. It is an easy thing to get into slipshod habits of thought and work. Such work may be brilliant, but unless work is directed toward a definite purpose it is valueless. Thought that appears in brilliant flashes is as useless for guidance as the light of a jack-o'-lantern. A beacon light must be steady and certain. The value of a fixed definite purpose in life, steadily adhered to, cannot be over-estimated. It is the secret of success, and so fully is this recognized that Thomas Carlyle has defined genius merely as the power of persistence. He who has the ability to maintain a fixed purpose in spite of disappointments and apparent failures, must, in the end, win, if he is guided by honor and truth.

Exact habits are best formed in youth. It is next to impossible for a man or woman who has grown up in "happy-go-lucky" habits of work to turn back and learn to be exact. Parents often excuse inaccuracy and careless ways in children on account of their youth. It is a great mistake to do this. While youth cannot be justly burdened with the cares of age, yet whatever a young per-

son is called on to do should be accurately done. The common habit of acquiring a smattering of many things should be discouraged as a vice. It is far better for the young student to have two studies and pursue these to the definite purpose of comprehending them thoroughly than to take up a dozen, of which he can only secure a frivolous knowledge.

Examine your canned fruit after a week's time, and then if intact it will probably keep all right. It cannot fail to be intact if the cans, tops and rubbers are perfect. Sometimes, when a can is difficult to open, one will try to insert a knife under the edge to get it started. This in some cases will bend the rim of the cover a little, and such covers should not be used, as a little air is likely to force its way through this opening and cause disaster.

John Ruskin says: "No matter who rules a country, no matter what it is officially called, or how it is formally divided, eternal bars and doors are set to it by the mountains and seas, eternal laws enforced over it by the clouds and stars. The people that are born on it are its people, be they a thousand times again and again conquered, exiled or captive. The stranger cannot be its king, the invader cannot be its possessor, and, although just laws, maintained whether by the people or their conquerors, have always the appointed good and strength of justice, nothing is permanently helpful to any race or condition of men but the spirit that is in their own hearts, kindled by the love of their native land."



Every little girl loves a doll. How delighted she would be with a whole family of big dolls with which to "play house." These dolls are nearly two feet high, have rosy cheeks, beautiful hair, heads that will not break, eyes that will not fall in, nor suffer any of the mishaps that dolls are likely to encounter. They are the 30th Century model of the old-fashioned dolls that Grandma used to make, and would make Grandma open her eyes in wonder. They are made of extra heavy satin that will not tear, and are dressed in bright colors that will not fade. They are very durable and will give a child more real pleasure than any doll made. We will give these four beautiful dolls absolutely free for selling only five boxes of our Laxative Stomach Tablets at 25 cents a box. Write to-day and we will send the Tablets by mail postpaid. When sold send us the money (\$1.25) and we will send you the four dolls same day money is received. Address,

NATIONAL MEDICINE CO.,
Premium Dept. 211 K, New Haven, Conn.

TALK ON COOKING GAME.

By a Practical Cook.

Many persons do not cook game because they think it requires a great many things which the ordinary household does not contain; but this is not so.

Game of all kinds is better to be kept a short time than to be eaten as soon as shot. In the warm days of fall it can be kept but one or two days, but in October and November it can easily be kept a week or ten days if hung in a cool place away from flies. It is better not to dress it until the day it is to be cooked.

Be sure that all pinfeathers and shot are removed. Wash all birds carefully and thoroughly in cold water and wipe dry. To do away with the game taste, some soak the birds half an hour in water, to which has been added a teaspoonful of baking soda; but to a lover of game this is unnecessary. All game birds to be broiled or baked are much more juicy with the skin left on. For a fricassee it does not matter so much, but is preferable in all ways of cooking.

PARTRIDGE OR RUFFED GROUSE.

Partridge meat is drier than almost any other game, and one of the nicest ways of cooking is

FRICASSEE.

After the birds have been carefully dressed and all the shot taken out with a pointed knife, joint them as you would chicken for a fricassee. Put in a kettle with enough cold water to cover. Bring to a boil, then draw back on the range so it will simmer, but not boil hard. A young bird will cook in from half an hour to one and a half hours, but an old one sometimes takes three. Season with pepper and salt. Just before serving, roll each piece in flour and brown in butter. When all have been browned, turn the liquor the bird was cooked in into the frying-pan, and add flour which has been stirred smooth in cold water, and let boil five minutes. Have small slices of bread toasted a light brown and buttered. Place on platter with the bird and turn the gravy over all and garnish with parsley. The breast of partridge is very thick, and it is well to slice in three or four slices before browning. Two partridges will make dinner for six persons.

BROTH.

Partridge makes a delicious broth for invalids. Prepare and cook as for fricassee. When done, remove the bones, unless one wishes to leave in the leg and wing bones, and cut meat into small dice. Add one-half cup of rice to broth and simmer. One small bird will make one quart of nutritious broth.

SOUP.

Partridge soup is prepared the same as the broth, adding one small onion, one tablespoonful of minced carrot, and a half-cupful celery dice. Strain out the onion and carrot and add the celery a half-hour before serving, letting it simmer. The rice can be added or not, but gives a little body to the soup. Two birds will make soup for eight persons.

SALAD.

The birds can be jointed or cooked whole. Cover with boiling water, add salt, and cook until tender; or a still better way is to steam the bird. Cut in dice and add celery cut in dice, and dress with any good salad dressing.

BAKED GROUSE.

Dress whole and stuff with a dressing made of one cup of bread crumbs moistened with boiling water. Add salt, pepper, sage, or whatever one prefers, and melted butter. Chop fine. Cover the grouse with melted butter, dredge with flour, or put strips of pork on top of bird and bake in a hot oven one half-hour, basting very often.

BROILED PARTRIDGE.

Only young birds should be broiled. Split down the back, and if breast is very thick make one or two incisions. Turn often, and broil until the meat does not look transparent. Serve on buttered toast, and garnish with parsley. Season the bird well with butter and salt. Currant or grape jelly should be served with grouse.

BAKED WOODCOCK.

Dress whole, and stuff with dressing made of bread crumbs, salt, pepper, melted butter, sage, or poultry seasoning. Lay on side in baking-sheet, rubbing each bird with salt, and put strip of pork on each bird. Bake not over fifteen minutes in a very hot oven, basting every three minutes. Some would not care to have them cooked over ten minutes, and some prefer them with the entrails left in, but most people remove them. Thicken the gravy and add the hearts, if one wishes. Always leave the skin on woodcock, as they are too dry without.

QUAIL.

Quail are one of the nicest and finest flavored of game birds. They are delicious

broiled, the same as woodcock, and can be baked the same.

Plover, snipe, and all small birds are nicest broiled and served on toast. They are also nice fricasseed. For this they can be skinned, as it is a great deal of work to pick them, since they are usually very fat. Cover with cold water, bring to a boil, and then simmer. To the liquor add one pint of potato cut in dice, and one small onion, and cook until the potato is done. The potato should thicken the liquor, but if it does not, add flour which has been moistened in cold water. It will take eight birds for a family of four, and there should be a quart of liquor when potatoes are added. An hour is sufficient time to cook all in. Dumpings made as follows can also be added: One pint of flour, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful salt. Sift all together, and moisten with sweet milk. Roll and cut in small squares, drop into boiling liquor, and cook for 15 minutes without uncovering. These birds can also be fricasseed the same as partridge.

WILD DUCK.

Canvasback, mallards, and black ducks are the most generally known of wild ducks, and can all be cooked in the same manner. Many people are prejudiced against wild ducks, as some have a fishy odor and taste; but, as a rule, when carefully dressed, washed and parboiled, they lose this unpleasant flavor. They make the most work of any game, but when well cooked are among the best of game birds. By far the best way of serving is to bake them.

BAKED DUCKS.

They should be carefully dressed, saving the heart, gizzard, and liver if a light brown, not green or discolored; wash thoroughly in water with a teaspoonful of baking soda, and again in clear water. Put into a kettle and cover with boiling water, placing a peeled onion or small carrot inside of each duck. That helps remove the strong game taste. Parboil until tender. Sometimes they will cook in half an hour, and sometimes it will take two hours. When parboiled, so you can easily stick a fork through, take them off and place in baking sheet. Stuff with bread crumbs soaked in boiling water, chopped fine and seasoned with melted butter, salt, pepper, and sage or poultry seasoning. Rub salt and what has been used for seasoning over outside of ducks. Lay a strip of pork on each duck and bake in a very hot oven half an hour, basting every five minutes. They should be nicely browned, and juicy and tender. Thicken the gravy, adding the heart, gizzard, and liver, which have been chopped fine. Serve with currant or grape jelly. Two ducks will make a dinner for six people.

Puzzle Column

For Old and Young.

Publisher's Note.—We will send The Western Home Monthly for one year to the person sending us three original puzzles eligible for publication, or any subscriber who sends the best solution to the puzzles in this number of the Monthly. Answers will appear in the November issue.

One.

What is made longer by cutting it off at both ends?

Two.

In what way does the firing of a rifle resemble a kiss?

Three.

I am a blessing to farmers and used by both rich and poor, I am spelt with four letters, constructed with wood and iron, when in use I am alive at both ends and dead in the middle, and by a skilled hand turned into a riddle.

Four.

Three-parts of a cross and a circle complete, Two semi-circles perpendicular meet, An equilateral triangle standing on two feet, Two semi-circles and a circle complete.

Five.

All O.

Six.

When does a lame dog represent a little boy?

Seven.

How many sticks go to the building of a crow's nest.

Eight.

Why does a chick three days old go across the road.

Nine.

On which side of a church does a yew-tree generally grow.

Ten.

What do six and five make?

Answers to Last Puzzles.

ONE.

He might sit down and think it over.

TWO

Putting things off till to-morrow.

THREE.

Because his business always suits (soots) him.

FOUR.

One shoots from the eye and the other from the shoulder.

FIVE.

Dead.

SIX.

A sliver in the hand.

SEVEN.

Asparagus (sparrow-grass).

EIGHT.

One hug.

NINE.

See 1st Samuel, chapter 6, verse 7, for answer.

TEN.

Because they are both on the beat.

List of Prize-Winners.

Bertha Orris, Dryden, Ont.
F. Reeves, Lucas, Man.
Walter H. Brown, Glenboro, Man.
George Speers, Douglas, Man.
Clinton McGregor, Turtle Mountain, Man.



THE POET: "Well, I suppose we might be worse off if we were at the North Pole hemmed in by icebergs."

THE ARTIST: "I don't know. They always send relief expeditions after arctic explorers."

A farmer, travelling to London, became impressed with the belief that he had left behind certain important papers. As he made a hurried investigation of his bag, he said: "If I did leave those papers, I'm a fool." He continued the search, and a moment later exclaimed, "I'll bet it'll turn out I'm a fool!" For the third time he rummaged; and, as he reached the last bundle, he repeated: "Yes, sir, I believe it'll turn out I'm a fool!" Now the travelling British public resents any disturbance; and a man on the other side of the compartment, who had frowningly looked over his newspaper, said, with sarcastic interest, "Oblige me, sir, by laying a little money that same way for me."

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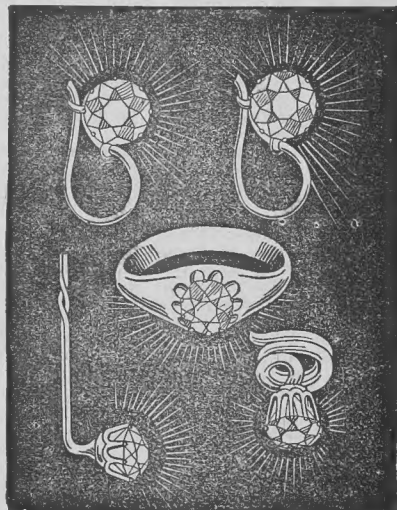
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The Story-Teller

Couldn't Keep It.

After hearing evidence in an assault case between man and wife, in which the wife had had a deal of provocation, the magistrate, turning to the husband, remarked:

"My good man, I really cannot do anything in this case."

"But she has cut a piece of my ear off, sir."

"Well," said the magistrate, "I will bind her over to keep the peace."

"You can't," shouted the husband; "she's thrown it away."

After a Struggle.

"Georgie," said a fond mother to a little four-year-old, "you must take the umbrella to school with you, or you will get wet. It rains hard."

"I want the little one," he said, meaning the parasol.

"No, my dear. That is for dry weather. You must take this and go like a good boy."

After school hours it had stopped raining, and Georgie trudged home with the remnants of the umbrella under his arm.

"Oh, Georgie, what have you been doing with my umbrella?" said his mother when she saw the state it was in.

"You should have let me had the little one," said he. "This was such a great big one it took four of us to pull it through the door."—Leslie's Weekly.

The Cost of Knowledge.

Mr. Carnegie is fond of telling how he was once asked by the editor of a popular magazine for an article on "Organization in Business," says H. W. Lanier in the World's Work.

"Well," said he, "I think I could write that article. But I am afraid the price I'd have to ask you would be too high."

"Oh, no," said the delighted editor, with a vision of a magnificent "feature" in an early number; "I'm sure we could arrange that satisfactorily. Name your own figure."

"Well," replied Mr. Carnegie, "I could hardly afford to do it for less than five million dollars." He smiled a little at sight of the editors' face, and then went on: "No, I must withdraw that. What I should put into it has cost me much more than that, and of course you would not expect me to sell it to you at less than cost."

As the diplomatist puts it, "the negotiations fell through."

A Modest Poet.

A well-known editor, who never talks shop unless he has something worth telling, recently told a story at his own expense to a party of friends.

"Not long ago," he said, "I received a poem from an unknown contributor. The letter accompanying the manuscript was written in that confidential strain which always proves the writer to be an untrained contributor to the press."

"After praising my paper and informing me that he had been a reader of it for more years than it had been in existence, he had taken the liberty of sending me a little poem for publication."

"The honor of appearing in print was all the remuneration he desired; indeed, he was frank enough to state that he did not consider the verses enclosed had any market value. When I examined the poem I found it was one I had written myself many years before and for which I had received a handsome sum."

Beauty's Charm.

A correspondent tells a story of the Duchess of Montrose, whose beauty is no less renowned than her philanthropy. The scene was a bazaar, where the duchess was selling photographs.

One old Scotchwoman was very anxious to secure a photograph of the duchess, but the price asked was five shillings. The old woman hesitated. She wanted the photograph, but she could not well afford so much.

"You can have my husband," said the duchess, with an amused glance at the duke, standing near, "for two and sixpence."

The would-be purchaser looked at the duke and then at his photograph contemptuously.

"Half a crown!" she blurted out, "I wouldn't give a single shilling for him. But," she added insinuatingly, "I am right willing to give half a crown for your bonnie self."

The duchess was unable to resist this, and herself added the other half-crown to the bazaar coffers, or, as another version of the story goes, the despised duke proffered the balance.

WEAK MEN



I BRING YOU STRENGTH.

To feel as vigorous as you were before you wasted your strength? To enjoy life again? To get up in the morning refreshed by sleep, and not more tired than when you go to bed? To have no weakness in the back, or "come and go" pains? No indigestion or constipation? To know that your manly strength is not slipping away? To once more have bright eyes, healthy color in your cheeks, and be confident that what other men can do is not impossible to you? In short, do you want to be a man among men? I can make you all this because I have done it to others.

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has restored health and strength to thousands of weak and impotent men. If used as I direct, it is a positive cure and cannot fail. It gives the vitalizing power of electricity, without burning or blistering, to every weakened part, developing the full vigor of manhood. It removes all the effects of indiscretions or excesses forever. I want every weak man who is not the man he should be to use one of my Belts, and, when he is cured, tell his friends of its wonderful effects. My Belt is also an absolute remedy for Nervous Debility, Backache, Rheumatism, Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder troubles. It is arranged for women as well as men, and cures female weakness.

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A Lonely Man.

The King of Naples paid a visit to the Neapolitan prisons in order to see for himself what sort of men his criminals were, and whether they really deserved the punishments they were undergoing.

"What is your sentence?" he said to one. "Fifteen years, your majesty."

"And what had you done?" "Nothing whatever."

"Quite innocent?" "Entirely so, your majesty."

"And you?" he asked another. "Thirty years, sire. Victim of a false accusation."

"And you?" to a third. "In for life, my king."

"And what had you done?" "Everything you can think of, my king—thief, burglary, highway robbery, manslaughter, murder. I only wonder they did not sentence me to death."

"What is your name?" asked the king. "My name," replied the first-class criminal, "since I have been here has been 912."

After finishing his tour of inspection, the king said to the governor: "All the prisoners here seem to be perfectly innocent. There is only one bad man among them—No. 912. You had better let him out, lest he corrupt the others."

A Natural Mistake.

A few years before his death, Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio, was engaged as counsel in a lawsuit which was tried before a country judge in one of the small towns in the central part of the state. Opposing Judge Thurman was a young lawyer named Cassidy, who wore his hair pompadour, assumed an air of great dignity, and was apparently greatly impressed with his own importance. Upon several occasions during the progress of the trial Thurman referred to his legal opponent as "Mr. Necessity."

The young man arose whenever this occurred, and with great gravity reminded the court that his name was Cassidy. Finally, after the offence had been repeated about a dozen times, the pompous attorney exclaimed:

"I must again remind counsel upon the other side that my name is Cassidy. I can't understand why he persists in maintaining that it is Necessity."

"I beg the gentleman's pardon," said Thurman. "The reason I keep getting him confused with Necessity is I presume, due to the fact that the latter knows no law."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Quite Willing to Migrate.

A traveller passing through a fever-infected locality, said to an Irish resident:

"Pat, I'm surprised that you stay in a place where people die so thick and fast."

"Faith," replied Pat, "if you'll be ather tellin' me av a place where payple niver die, Oi'll move there to-morrow an' end me days."

A Wise Boy.

Said the benevolent-looking gentleman to a ragged urchin, who was peering into a brilliantly-lighted confectioner's window:

"My little man, if I gave you half a dollar, what would you get?" "I 'spect I'd get a pain, sir," was the feeling reply.

To the Reader.

We will send The Nor'-West Farmer from now to the 1st of January, 1903, also The Western Home Monthly for the same time, upon receipt of \$1.00.

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